THE EXAMINER.

ESTABLISHED 1808.

An Independent Weekly Review of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 3,673.] Registered at the General Post Office.] SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1878. {PRICE ... ... 6d. {BY POST ... ... 6½d.

If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—DE FOE.

Notes and Comments 769
The Course of the Congress 771
The "Globe" Convention 772
The Right of Extradition 773
Mr. Hanbury's Retreat 774
Disestablishment in Scotland 775
Compulsory Arbitration 776
The Rajah of Kuch Behar 776
United States' Indian Wars 778
Betting Law and Custom 779
Property in Books 780
William Cullen Bryant 782
Mr. Stanley's Explorations—First Notice 783
Modern Frenchmen 785
Caliban 786
Gold and Silver 787
Mine is Thine 788
Algiers 789
The Bedroom and Boudoir 791
Pretty Polly 792
Chateaubriand et Mme. de Staël 793
Music 798
Variorum Notes 794

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Once again a Wednesday afternoon has been occupied in discussion of the Women's Disabilities Removal Bill. There was, as *The Times* remarked next day, nothing new either in the debate or the division that followed it. Mr. Courtney, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Gorst, Sir Henry Jackson, Mr. Blennerhasset, and Mr. Hibbert used the old stock arguments, while the opponents of the measure were Mr. Hanbury, Mr. Smollett, Mr. Beresford Hope, Mr. Newdegate, Mr. Ferguson, and Mr. Green. On a division, the measure was thrown out by 219 to 140—that is to say by a majority of 79. It is tedious and not very profitable to go over the speeches on either side. Mr. Courtney thinks that his measure would "develope a fuller and nobler woman by admitting her into the sphere of political thought and duty, and would so tend to elevate the female character, and with it that of the entire human race." Mr. Smollett, on the other hand, denounced the Bill as an "arrant sham, drawn in an evasive form," while Mr. Beresford Hope regarded it as a "contemptible outcome of abstract *a priori* doctrines which, if good for anything, would set up an entirely new point of departure in our social relations." There is nothing novel in all this. Indeed, we have heard it over and over again until we are tired of it. It is, however, some satisfaction to be assured that the champions of the cause consider their defeat by so small a majority as seventy-nine a substantial triumph, and are more than ever convinced that ultimate victory is not far off. All one can say is that, if that be really the case, they are very easily satisfied. When the enfranchisement of women comes seriously to be debated, it will find other opponents than Messrs. Hanbury, Smollett, and Beresford Hope.

Still, there is some truth in the assertion that the arguments before the House were more or less insincere, and the issues feigned. When we are told that, if male ratepayers ought to have the suffrage, female ratepayers ought equally to have it, we are met with an abstract proposition which on abstract grounds alone it is impossible to answer. Similarly, it is unnecessary to consider such *badinage* as that of Mr. Smollett. The opponents of female suffrage must find some stronger weapon than ridicule. Their position, unless we much misunderstand it, is that the change proposed is too great and violent, and too much out of harmony with all existing institutions. Were we beginning, like the philosophers of Greece, to constitute a state *de novo*, we should probably admit men and women to citizenship on equal terms. But we must take life and its conditions as we find them, and, as they have grown up; and the question is—to use Mr. Lowe's phrase—one of the balance of advantages. The Female Suffrage party do not insist that the world would be much the better for the violent change they wish to effect in it. They merely put forward their claim on abstract principles of justice, as being a right. Abstract principles of justice, however, have seldom had much influence in English politics, and until the debates on the Female Suffrage question cease to be *doctrinaire* on the one side, and "funny" on the other, the annual debate is not likely to command any interest except with the few ladies and gentlemen who are personally concerned in the agitation.

Ministerial pressure probably had something to do with the postponement of Mr. Ashbury's question as to whether the Indian troops now at Malta will be allowed to pay England a visit before returning to the East. It is freely asserted at the military clubs that this measure has been decided upon, in so far, at all events, as a portion of the contingent is concerned. Should the Congress accomplish its work, it is said to be intended to bring to London a detachment of each native regiment at present in the Mediterranean. Rumour affirms that this intention is due to Royal pressure, the Queen being very desirous of seeing a sample of the swarthy warriors who help to protect her Eastern Dominions. As no harm could well result from the gratification of this not unnatural whim, the intended visit will scarcely be likely to meet with much opposition in Parliament. The two native officers who accompanied the Prince of Wales on his return from India were wonderfully struck by the immense size, enormous population, and bustling energy of the metropolis. Afzul Khan is said to have remarked that, if his kinsmen in Afghanistan once saw London, they would for ever become the firm friends of the nation which possessed such a marvellous city. As for old Anoop Sing, he could only exclaim, "Wah! wah!" from first to last, and it is said that he has not yet got over his astonishment.

Edinburgh has been the scene of a solemn protest against Sabbath desecration. On Thursday afternoon last the Sabbath Alliance of Scotland adopted a report protesting against this shocking crime on the part of two no less offenders than Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales. The Queen, it seems, on a Sunday not long past, actually had herself rowed in a boat to visit an island on Loch Maree, while the Prince of Wales, on his part, embraced the favourable interval between morning and afternoon service to inspect Mr. Drew's famous stable at Merrytown, near Hamilton. The indignation of the members of the Edinburgh Sabbath Alliance at the

shocking example thus set, words of any ordinary character fail to describe. The report, however, congratulated the members of the Alliance on the fact that the boatmen who usually ply on Loch Maree had refused to convey the Royal party, and that the hotel keeper had been obliged to press his own servants into the service. The Committee were also, we learn, pleased to find that "the worthy innkeeper at Achnasheen" had declined to allow his horses to be used in carrying letters to Loch Maree on the Lord's Day while the Queen was there, and they expressed deep grief "that the Royal family should so frequently manifest disregard for the sacred day of rest, which must inevitably encourage others to do so." It is idle, of, course, to suggest to the members of the Sabbath Alliance that their conduct is indecent. It would be about as profitable as to tell them that they are bigoted, or to ask them on what text, or what part of Scripture, they found their belief that it is a sin against God for a gentleman to look at his friend's horses, or for a lady of advanced years to enjoy the open air of heaven, on the Sabbath day. After all, however, fanatics of this kind always are amusing, and have this further advantage, that, like Mr. Newdegate, and various other sincere folk, they do their cause more harm than good.

A deputation, introduced by Lord Monck, waited upon the Chief Secretary for Ireland a few days ago, to urge the claims of Irishmen to be admitted equally with Englishmen and Scotchmen to the privilege of organising volunteer corps for the national defence. In the House of Commons, upon the previous evening, some of the Irish members had opposed the vote of 485,000*l.* for the pay and allowances of the volunteer forces, upon the ground that it was unfair to make Ireland pay her share of this money, when she was not allowed to participate in the honour of the movement, and some remarks which the Secretary for War let fall appear to have raised the hope that the Chief Secretary for Ireland might be induced to consider the matter if the arguments in its favour could be fully placed before him. Mr. Lowther, however. was equal to the occasion; he was courteous and affable, but unyielding. When Irving waited upon Lord Melbourne, to complain of the restrictions placed upon his street preaching, he pleaded that he only asked for the same license as was accorded to puppet shows and mountebanks, and, moreover, that the command to "go out into the highways" was express. "All this is very true, and unanswerable," said the Premier; "but—you musn't preach there." In like manner Mr. Lowther acknowledged the force of the arguments and the strength of the case made out by Lord Monck; but, nevertheless, altogether declined to entertain the idea for a moment. This must, doubtless, be very galling to the thousands of Irishmen who believe they have reason and right upon their side, and who are burning to distinguish themselves in—uniform. It is painful to be treated like a big schoolboy who is considered unfit to be trusted with a gun, lest he should injure himself or somebody else.

If the Chief Secretary dispensed with lengthy arguments in defence of his position, it was, probably, not that arguments were wanting, but because it was secure without them. However, if his decision seems unreasonable, it has one merit, namely, that it is, at least, very safe. It must occur to every one that the present moment is scarcely suitable for permitting an innovation of the kind, or trying experiments the wisdom of which is doubtful. It would require a bold man to throw to the winds at such a time the official traditions which have hitherto forbidden the organisation of volunteer corps in Ireland. Our statesmen may, by degrees, become accustomed to the idea, if it is kept constantly before them; and, when the beneficial results which it is to be expected will follow the wiser and more generous legislation of late years have become fully developed, the experiment may be permitted upon a small scale at first, and under cautious limitations. But it is very doubtful whether Ireland has yet attained that moral stature and power of self-control which would justify its being made now. That this is her misfortune rather than her fault no one will deny; but so it is. It must be remembered, as was pointed out by a contemporary a short time since, that volunteers have before now used their arms and organisation for the purpose of extorting from the English Government, in a moment of exhaustion, privileges which otherwise would have been refused. It does not follow that history would repeat itself in this case, but no Minister can be blamed for preferring to be on the safe side, and leaving the question of a volunteer force for Ireland to be discussed at a more convenient season. In short, when Irishmen become Englishmen in all questions affecting the general interests of the country, they will have shown their best title to combine for the defence of England.

The arguments in favour of admitting Ireland to the privilege she asks seem weak. Those chiefly relied upon are that Irishmen make good soldiers, that in the regular army and militia they are amenable to discipline, that in Canada the volunteer corps are composed largely of Irishmen of all sects and shades of opinion, and, finally, that enlistment was the main instrument in the pacification of the Highlanders. These reasons are true in themselves, only unfortunately they do not apply. No one doubts that the Irish make most excellent soldiers, and that in that capacity they have done noble service to England. But we are dealing with volunteers. Again, in the regular army and militia, they are amenable to discipline, no doubt. But the regiments of regulars are constantly subject to that discipline, and the Irish moreover are interspered with a great number of men of other nationalities. The militia are not constantly subject to discipline; but, on the other hand, they do not take their arms and accoutrements home with them. Nor are the militia regiments quite so self-controlled as it is attempted to be made out. There are occasionally ugly riots which need the presence of the regulars to stamp them out, and more than one regiment of regulars has had to shift its quarters in consequence of brawls in which they have become involved with the populace. The case of Canada affords no parallel with Ireland, but rather with that of England. Here we have no objection to the enrolement of Irish volunteers, as they form only a small part of the whole force, their interests are rather English than Irish, and they are influenced by a strong body of public opinion of a calm and dispassionate sort. The Highlanders, again, were not volunteers in the modern sense of the word, nor were they organised in corps, and permitted the free use of their weapons in their native mountains. If they had been, the MacTavishes would assuredly have made short work of Fairshon with his four-and-twenty men and five-and-thirty pipers. And it is surely no disparagement to the Irish, who are not less gallant and brave, but, perhaps, less gifted with sterling sense and far more excitable than the jolly Scotchmen, to say that to permit the formation of volunteer corps in Ireland would be to place a very great temptation needlessly in the way of a combative and unreasoning hot-headed race. The present is not a time for experiments.

Sir F. Goldsmid recently delivered a lecture at the United Service Institution upon the subject of communication with India. His object was to show that our present line of communication through the Suez Canal is neither speedy enough for modern requirements nor sufficiently under our own control, and he advocated the establishment of another and shorter line in which Cyprus should be a link. Stepping over to the mainland, a railway should be made to the head of the Persian Gulf, and this is to be met by a line running westward from Kurachi along the Makran coast. We should thus have two strings to our bow, one of which, by a proper exercise of diplomacy, would be completely under our control. In favour of Sir F. Goldsmid's proposals, we have the testimony of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Lord Strathnairn, both of whom believed that each route possessed its special advantages according to seasons and circumstances, and also expressed an opinion that the new one would in course of time develope a paying traffic. Colonel Yule and Sir Arnold Kemball, on the contrary, believe that there

could be no commercial return for such an undertaking. It is, of course, impossible for us to say who is right, but it may be pointed out that though, if the new line is not likely to pay, it is scarcely probable that it will be established, there is more than one sense in which it might be considered profitable. We have more than commercial interests in India, and, if there was any likelihood that our communications *viâ* the Suez canal could be seriously interrupted, there would be a strong argument in favour of possessing another line.

The new "Reformed Episcopalian Church" has been once again distinguishing itself at Southend. Only a short time ago it scandalised the Bishop of London by celebrating a confirmation; but now it has committed the still more dire offence of holding an ordination. Three heterodox young wolves have been started forth on their travels in shepherd's garb, and who can say how they may show their teeth in the way of baptism and absolution, and other priestly privileges. It really is very hard, upon Anglican Catholics above all, when we recollect that Bishop Grey has unquestionably the whole apostolic succession at the back of him. When a bishop ceases to be orthodox some means ought to be invented to prevent him putting his hands on people's heads, and producing these deplorable results. Meanwhile, it must be confessed that this brand new patriarch of the Reformed Episcopalian Church has very little to distinguish him from an unreformed bishop, except that he does not wear lawn sleeves. His address to the young aspirants to, must we say, unholy orders, was above all things pacific. We are to tell the old story, he asserted; "and if people ask us 'what is your doctrine,' we must answer, 'We preach Christ.' If you mean to go forth as controversialists, my counsel to you is to pack up your bags and go home; you will do yourselves harm and us no good." Most creditable to "Bishop" Grey's common sense; but we would ask, under these circumstances, why start a brand new Church? We observed that the Genevan gown and white bands once more graced the preacher; but surely this traditional garment cannot be the cause of the rupture. We all know the story of that noble and energetic old Scotch woman who threw her stool at the head of her minister when he entered the pulpit in a surplice. "Bishop" Grey's Prostestantism is, at any rate, more polite; he has only shaken off the dust from his feet, and started a new religion.

THE COURSE OF THE CONGRESS.

So far, the Congress has not fulfilled the hopes which attended its announcement. The idea that Lord Beaconsfield was to go to Berlin to settle the whole Eastern Question in a single sitting, and then return to London, surrounded by a blaze of glory as the pacificator of Europe, has gone the way of other dreams. As it is, the Congress has now been in Session for over a week, has held three brief sittings, and has come to no definite conclusion on any single point. Such, in as far as we can learn, has been the upshot of the whole proceedings. There have been any number of banquets, galas, and receptions; but the real business of the Conference has been conducted at a series of private interviews. In fact, it is daily becoming more and more obvious that the Congress is being conducted in the manner best calculated to promote the interests of the Power to which its existence is due. Prince Bismarck is clearly the directing spirit of the Congress. In obedience to his request, the proceedings are carried on with absolute secresy. The public meetings of the Congress are occupied with the formal recital of conclusions which have been arrived at elsewhere, and any attempt to discuss the subject matter of these conclusions is made the signal for the adjournment of the sitting. We were told beforehand that one of the chief advantages of the Congress would consist in the opportunity it must afford for the full and free discussion of the terms of peace by the representatives of the Great Powers. It now appears that no such opportunities will be allowed, and it is not easy to see why the *pourparlers*, of which we hear so much, could not have been conducted by regular communications between the different Foreign Offices of Europe as well as by an irregular interchange of opinions between the Plenipotentiaries at Berlin. The one net result of the Eastern Question being settled at the Congress appears to be that the character of its settlement will be determined in accordance with the ideas of Prince Bismarck. His policy has succeeded in tying the hands of the various Powers represented at Berlin, and by his system of playing off one Power against another he is in a position to carry out any purpose on which his mind is set. Thus, if the Congress should result in the preservation of peace, it will be a peace so contrived as to facilitate the object which Germany has pursued throughout, namely, the securing of the utmost amount of advantage to Russia from her late victories consistent with the avoidance of an European war. For reasons which there is no need to recapitulate, we are inclined to think that the arrangements contemplated by Prince Bismarck will be more conducive to the interests of this country than a resort to arms. But it is now manifest that, in the conclusion of these arrangements, England must of necessity play a secondary, if not a subordinate part. That this should be so may not be matter for regret in itself, but, after all the boasting of the last few weeks, it is not gratifying to our national pride to discover that the Congress must prove a triumph, not for England, but for Germany.

So far, the only object our diplomacy seems to have attained is the qualified and contingent right of admission for Greece to the Congress. When the Bishopric of Sodor and Man was first established the holder of the see was secured the right of sitting within the precincts of the House of Lords, but without having the power to vote as a spiritual peer. In much the same way, the representative of Greece is to have a seat at the Congress, subject to the condition that, unlike the Manx bishop, he is only to occupy it when his presence is requested by his colleagues. This is all that our Government has, apparently, been able to effect in fulfilment of its promise that Greece should take part in the deliberations by which the Eastern Question was to be settled. No progress, too, has yet been made with regard to the withdrawal of the Russian troops from before Constantinople, which, we were assured, would be the inevitable result of the Congress meeting at all. The Russians have no idea of surrendering the advantages secured to them by Prince Bismarck's *beati possidentes* principle, and the Congress has no intention of insisting on the stipulation which was represented as being an essential preliminary of any effectual discussion. Up to the present, the chief aim to which the efforts of our Plenipotentiaries have been directed has been to secure the limitation of Bulgaria within as narrow a compass as possible. It is intelligible that the attainment of such an object should be deemed desirable from a party point of view. The creation of the Principality of Bulgaria was the great stroke of Muscovite State-craft as evinced in the Treaty of San Stefano, and, therefore, we can easily understand why the Ministry should attach an especial value to any curtailment of its area as affording evidence that England has thwarted Russia by the boldness of her attitude. On the other hand, we fail to see what practical benefit England can hope to derive from any limitation to which Russia can give consent otherwise than under compulsion. At the time when the Danubian Principalities occupied a similar position towards the Porte to that held at present by Bulgaria and Roumelia, our Foreign Office imagined that we had achieved a great triumph by insisting on Wallachia and Moldavia not being united under one Government. The first act, however, of the Principalities was to elect the same Hospodar, and thereby to frustrate the very object we had in view. In a similar way, any attempt to check the development of the new Bulgarian State by artificial regulations is well-nigh certain to be set at naught in the course of a very few years by the action of the Bulgarians, supported, as this action would infallibly be, by the influence of Russia.

If, however, we look at the permanent interests of England and not to those of any political party, we fail to see how those interests are to be promoted by the curtailment of Bul-

garia. There is just a possibility that, if the new Principality were made powerful and independent, it might, in the course of time, become a formidable obstacle to Russian aggression. If, however, the Principality is to be divided into two halves, one of which is to be completely liberated from the control of Turkey, and the other is to be administered more or less directly from Constantinople, the only possible result must be that the ambition and the energies of the Southern State will be directed to the attainment of a complete emancipation similar to that enjoyed by the Northern half. England will, of necessity, be regarded as the antagonist, and Russia as the champion of Bulgarian autonomy. It is childish to imagine that partial concessions can serve any purpose beyond embittering and enhancing the antagonisms of race and creed which have brought about the disruption of Turkey in Europe. The plain truth, which cannot be too often repeated, is that we must either exert ourselves to uphold the Ottoman Empire or must acquiesce in the fact of its downfall. The leading journal, which has of late become the chief apologist of the Ministry, has recently informed us that, though England has given up the idea of maintaining the integrity of Turkey, yet she is resolved to uphold the cohesion of the Turkish Empire. If this phrase means anything, it means that we, as a nation, are prepared to maintain the connection betwen Turkey and her European possessions. Except on this hypothesis, it is impossible to assign any intelligible reason why we should be so anxious to secure for the Porte the southern districts of Roumelia and to retain for Turkey free access to her outlying provinces on the Ægean and the Adriatic. If we wish that Bosnia, the Herzegovina, Albania, and Epirus should still remain subject to the government of Stamboul, it is easy to understand why we should use our utmost efforts to push back the frontiers of Bulgaria as far from the sea as possible. Looking at the question, however, aside from any party feeling, we are at a loss to perceive what advantage it is to England to retard the emanicipation of these provinces from Moslem rule. What has happened already in Greece, Roumania, and Servia, must happen as a matter of certainty in all the districts lying between the Balkans and the Mediterranean. To struggle against the inevitable is the acme of human folly, and yet, in as far as we can understand, the one aim of English policy at the Congress is to retard the hour of the inevitable emancipation of the European provinces of Turkey. By so doing we may possibly score a diplomatic victory, as against Russia, but we are acting in detriment to the true interests of England.

THE *GLOBE* CONVENTION.

The remarkable State paper, published by the *Globe* just before our going to press last week, has several aspects, each of which merits special attention. The first and, to our minds, the most important aspect is one which concerns Englishmen alone. Whatever view we may take of the intrinsic merits or demerits of the document, we should still have a most decided opinion as to the manner and circumstances under which it first saw the light. Hitherto we, as a nation, have been proud of boasting that, whatever the other shortcomings of our diplomacy might be, it has been eminently straightforward, loyal, and aboveboard. This traditional belief has received many rude shocks during the career of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration; and, in the present instance, we find it utterly impossible to account for the mode in which this State paper has been divulged without imputing gross breach of faith and want of loyalty to one quarter or the other. It is obvious, from the nature of the agreement, that it was understood on both sides to be a confidential communication, and one which must of necessity have been known to very few people. Yet, within a few hours of its signature, this confidential document is entrusted for publication to a newspaper which professes—and, it is believed, with reason—to be an inspired organ of the Ministry. The prevalent impression seems to be that Count Schouvaloff, either directly or indirectly, gave a copy of the Convention to the *Globe*. On the other hand, it is difficult to see why his Excellency should have committed an indiscretion which, to say the least, must have deprived him of the confidence of his brother plenipotentiaries at the Congress, and which was not calculated to secure the immediate publicity he is supposed to have had in view. Moreover, it is only fair to say that the tenour of Sir Stafford Northcote's reply to Lord Hartington on Monday last indicates that the disclosure was made, without authority, by "some person who had access to confidential communications," a statement which can hardly refer to the Russian Ambassador. Now, the number of persons, whether Ministers or Government clerks, who could have had access to a communication of this kind is extremely limited, and for the credit of our public service it is desirable that the stigma attaching to the disclosure of the Convention—so long as this awkward occurrence remains unexplained—should be cleared away as speedily as possible.

Under ordinary circumstances, we should have thought that the Ministry would desire above all things to elucidate the mode in which this State secret has been betrayed. But, for some reason or other, the whole transaction has been surrounded with an atmosphere of mystery which almost deserves the name of wilful misrepresentation. The plain facts are these. On the 30th of last May a secret Convention was, it is now admitted, signed by Lord Salisbury and Count Schouvaloff on behalf of Russia and England. On the evening of the same day the *Globe* published a special edition, stating the fact that such an agreement had been signed, and giving its purport, though not its actual text. The 30th of May was a Thursday. On the following Monday Lord Salisbury was asked by Earl Grey in the House of Lords whether there was any truth in the statement which had appeared in the *Globe*. The Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who had himself signed the agreement, thereupon made answer that "the statement was wholly unauthenticated, and not deserving of the confidence of the House of Lords." One of the favourite subjects of discussions amidst the casuists of former days used to be a controversy as to whether the *suggestio falsi* was or was not a greater infraction of veracity than the *suppressio veri*. In Lord Salisbury's reply the suppression of truth was so artfully combined with the suggestion of falsehood that it would be difficult to decide whether his explanation came under the category of positive or negative unveracities. In all political matters a certain latitude of statement is permitted which is not tolerated in other branches of life. We have no doubt that Lord Salisbury would plead that his reply did not exceed the limits of Parliamentary license. All we can say is that if, in a business transaction or in any social matter, the noble lord had given such an answer to such a question put in such terms, the monosyllable by which that answer would have been stigmatized would be a very short and a very ugly one. After the Congress had met, and after Lord Salisbury had left England for Berlin, the *Globe* thought fit to publish the actual text of the agreement concluded between our Foreign Minister and the Russian Ambassador. This agreement was made public on Friday week, and yet, up to the date at which we write, neither of its reputed authors has ventured to dispute its authenticity or its accuracy. The Government still declines to give any kind of information as to the true character of the Convention, or as to the channel through which it has been made public property. The Duke of Richmond and Sir Stafford Northcote contented themselves with stating, on Monday last, in words whose verbal identity could not have been a matter of chance, that the document was "incomplete and therefore inaccurate;" and there, for the present, the matter rests. It would be unfair to insist upon the Government entering on explanations which, as they assert, might prove prejudicial to the public interest. But, whenever the time arrives for the full discussion of the negotiations which led up to the Congress, the Opposition will be strangely wanting in their duty if they fail to insist upon a full and satisfactory explanation as to why this agreement was concluded, how it was made public, and for what reason its authenticity was denied till the concealment of its existence had become impossible.

The publication of this Convention cannot, we think, be regarded as satisfactory from any point of view, whether home or foreign. We have never shared in the exultation

expressed by the partisans of the Ministry at the attitude assumed by England abroad subsequent to the date of Lord Salisbury's Circular. It is not, in our opinion, either the mission or the duty of Great Britain to stand forward as the champion of treaty rights or the vindicator of European law. But, considering how, through our Government, we have claimed credit for ourselves as having asserted the great principle that no treaty can be set at naught, except with the consent of the Powers who have affixed their signatures to the compact, it is awkward—to use the mildest term—to find that, before entering the Congress, which was to uphold the integrity of the Treaty of Paris, we were secretly negotiating a private understanding in virtue of which that treaty was to be set aside. Our conduct as a State may be capable of justification, but, till it has been justified, we lie under the suspicion of having claimed credit under false pretences, and of having resorted to sharp practice and underhand dealing. As a common rule, it may safely be assumed that, when a thing is done secretly, it is a matter of which its doers have cause to be ashamed. If, however, the agreement in question had been made openly and publicly, it might very well have stood the test of inspection. Naturally enough, the war party are dismayed at learning that the Government are prepared to sanction the annexation of Bessarabia, entertain no intention of fighting about Batoum, accept the surrender of Kars as a matter of course, and have no idea of doing anything for Turkey beyond curtailing the limits of the New Bulgaria. But even those who, in common with ourselves, look with distrust on the aggrandizement of Russia are aware that, unless we had been prepared to go to war, we had no power to compel Russia to sacrifice the fruits of her late victories. In short, the Schouvaloff-Salisbury agreement is about as fair a compromise between the position adopted by England and that to which Russia had committed herself as could fairly have been expected. If, indeed, as the organs of the Government vaguely intimate, this agreement is to be supplemented by a second and wider understanding, the case might become altogether different. We suspect, however, that these intimations are due to a natural desire to mitigate the dismay with which the news of the Convention has been received by the Jingoes. As it stands, we can find little fault with the character of the agreement. Our objections to it are directed against the idle taunts which preceded its conclusion and the useless mystery which attended its publication.

THE RIGHTS OF EXTRADITION.

Whatever may be the explanation of the "Conservative reaction" which placed the present Government in office, there is no possibility of doubting the fact that during the last few years the temper of the public mind has been indifferent to the ideas on which our liberal progress has been based. At such periods of public lassitude there is always a risk that principle may be sacrificed to expediency, popular rights to the convenience of the hour, and safeguards of liberty to efficiency of government. Each season has its own temptations; and it behoves those who sincerely believe in the creed of liberalism to watch with especial vigilance, at a crisis like the present, any attempt on the part of the dominant party to modify our laws in a retrograde sense. Such an attempt is now being made with respect to the rights of extradition. A Royal Commission has lately been sitting to examine into the laws regulating the surrender of prisoners from one State to another; and this Commission has virtually reported in favour of abolishing the distinctions which have hitherto stood in the way of the free rendition of accused persons. Now, just at this moment refugees are at a discount in England. The tide of popular sympathy in favour of foreign patriots is at the ebb; and the class of exiles who have of late found refuge on our shores have represented in the main causes distasteful to British ideas. In consequence, the old pride felt at the notion of England being the refuge of the oppressed has lost a good deal of its hold on public opinion. In years gone by the agitation for foreign exiles was done to death; and now we are suffering an inevitable reaction. Moreover, anybody who watches the prevailing tone of thought cannot fail to notice a growing impatience on the part of the public with the technicalities and anomalies of our legal system. The demand for codification indicates not so much an intelligent disapproval of our rules of law as a dislike for the whole complicated system of precedents, usages, and statutes, under which our constitutional liberties have grown into being. The cry of the day is for simple, definite, and intelligible law; and in itself the cry is just and reasonable enough. The only objection to it is the risk that an impatience of anomalies and contradictions may lead us to attach too great importance to a hard and fast rule, and to ignore the value of the exceptions by which that rule has hitherto been mitigated in practice. For instance, our law of evidence is cumbrous in the extreme. Yet, under this law, we have secured a fairness of trial unknown elsewhere. The law, as it stands, needs reforming; but, in so reforming it, we should take care not to infringe the principle that the rights of the prisoner are as sacred as those of the Court by which he is tried.

In the same way, we feel considerable distrust of any wholesale reform of our law of extradition. There can be no doubt as to its anomalies. As things are, the question whether a prisoner is or is not liable to extradition depends on no distinct principle, but upon a number of arbitrary precedents. A short time ago a prisoner was brought before a civic magistrate charged with having been concerned in a robbery committed in France. In behalf of the prisoner, it was argued —with or without reason—that he was not liable to extradition even if he was guilty of having conspired to commit an act which was only an offence against the laws of France. Thereupon the presiding alderman remarked that, if there was no law authorising the prisoner's extradition, there ought to be such a law, and that he should act as if there was. The view of this City Justice Shallow would, we suspect, be shared by many people of far higher intelligence. If there is no law by which criminals can be punished promptly and sternly for crimes committed either at home or abroad, then the sooner a law is passed the better for all honest men. This is the way in which public opinion on the subject of extradition would probably express itself; and we do not dissent from the substantial justice of the view. We have no sentimental sympathy with the wrongs of burglars and murderers; and, if crime is to be punished at all, the speedier and more certain the punishment is, the better for all concerned. Moreover, we admit fully that the increase of communication between different countries and the growth of what we may call international crimes render necessary some relaxation of the restrictions with which we have hitherto surrounded the right of extradition. What we object to is the surrender of any rule guaranteeing the immunity of political refugees in England. Now, in our opinion, a very valuable principle is likely to be surrendered, if, in accordance with the recommendation of the Commission, we allow prisoners to be given up on one charge and then to be tried upon another after, through our agency, they have been handed over to their own Government. In the case of ordinary criminals our objection would not apply. If a Frenchman who escapes to England after having committed a murderous burglary is extradited on *primâ facie* evidence of his being guilty of burglary, and is subsequently tried for, and convicted of, murder, the result is a benefit to the world at large. But we fail to see how it is possible to allow prisoners extradited on one charge to be tried on another without depriving ourselves of the power of protecting refugees. It would be urged, of course, by the partisans of the proposed change in the law that it applies to ordinary, not to political offenders. Our answer is that, in practice, it is impossible to distinguish legally between criminal and political offenders.

There are a school of public writers who hold that there is no such thing as a political offence. Robbery, they say, is robbery, and murder murder, no matter what may be the motives of or the objects for which the act is committed. But, though this rough and ready line of argument commends itself, to those who imagine hard writing to be identical with hard thinking, it does not conform with the sentiments of human nature. Whether logically or illogically, the judg-

ment of mankind insists on drawing a distinction between offences against the law committed for greed or passion, and similar offences committed from public motives and political aims. Revolutions are not made with rose water; and we defy anybody to specify a popular rising which has not been accompanied by infractions of the law. From 1848 down to 1870 England was the refuge of one series of exiles after another, all of whom had conspired against established governments, and most of whom were deemed by Englishmen at the time to have risked their lives in a noble, even if a mistaken cause. Yet we are convinced that there was not one of these exiles who had not violated the law, and had not been a party to acts which, if committed for non-political objects, would have justly consigned their perpetrators to prison, if not to the gallows. To cite three cases only—those of Mazzini, Kossuth, and Garibaldi—nothing would have been easier than to establish by all the rules of evidence an overwhelming *primâ facie* case against these patriots of having committed acts which in ordinary circumstances would have justified their extradition. Under the rules, as proposed by the Commission, any one of the triumvirate might have been surrendered on a charge of robbery, and then put on his trial abroad for treason and rebellion. It may be said, and with truth, that, no matter what the law might be, England would never have consented to give up Kossuth to Austria or Garibaldi to Rome. But, in cases where the public interest was not excited, cruel injustice might be pepetrated under the proposed modification of the Extradition laws. It is by no means unlikely that before long we may have a fresh increase of refugees in consequence of the crusade against Socialism initiated by Germany. Many, if not all, of these refugees are well nigh certain to have been implicated in acts which, without any great straining, may be represented as offences against life or property. If sufficient primary proof can be adduced to justify their committal to trial, these men would, if the advice of the Commission should be followed, have to be surrendered to the German Government; and, once on German soil, they would forthwith be punished for the offence of holding Socialist opinions. The danger is not an imaginary one. It may be said that England has no concern with foreign revolutionists, and that Continental Governments must be left to rule their own subjects as they think best. But such a view is not that of the English people. We, as a nation, have long held that it is at once our duty and our glory to provide a sanctuary where all opinions are free, and where men, who in other lands are hostile to the Powers that be, may find safety and protection. Hitherto we have never minded the taunt that England is an Alsatia for political offenders. So long as refugees obey our laws we are prepared to give them shelter on our shores. It is now proposed—in fact though not in name—that we should forego this right in future. Is the nation prepared to sacrifice the position she has held so long as the protectress of the world's exiles? For our part, we deem not.

MR. HANBURY'S RETREAT.

It is a pity Mr. Hanbury had it in his power to abandon his attack on Mr. Gladstone. To paraphrase a joke which Mr. Bernal Osborne once made when a young member of the House rendered himself nearly as ridiculous as Mr. Hanbury, it is not interesting to see him running away with his tail between his legs. What might have been really interesting would have been to see how much of his tail Mr. Hanbury could carry off with him after the fray was over. However, in the exercise of some microscopic cerebral product which he calls his "discretion," Mr. Hanbury has condescended to say that he will withdraw his charge of high treason against the man who *de facto*, if not *de jure*, is the first commoner in England. Unluckily he had "discretion" enough only to give "notice" of his intention to press it. A notice of motion, is not under the control of the House. The member in whose name it stands can withdraw it whenever he pleases; hence there was no means of giving Mr. Hanbury a little of that salutary chastisement which he so richly deserved for insulting the House through the person of its most illustrious member. Had he actually committed himself to a motion, then it would have been the duty of those Liberals who had any respect for their old leader, and any regard for the honour of Parliament, to have let Mr. Hanbury off less easily. It would have been their duty to have made him offer an ample and humble apology for conduct which was eminently insulting to an assembly of English gentlemen. But, after all, Mr. Hanbury did not retreat very gracefully from the pitiful plight in which he found himself. In the old times when such qualities as chivalry, generosity, reverence, and self-respect, were looked for in members of Parliament, a person in Mr. Hanbury's position would voluntarily have offered Mr. Gladstone the apology which was his due.

Nothing can better illustrate the worth of what Mr. Hanbury calls his "discretion" than a remark made by Mr. Gladstone himself. The motion, if it meant anything, was one, said Mr. Gladstone, for expelling him from Parliament. Now, anybody not positively an imbecile might have foreseen that that was what such reckless and shameful charges as those Mr. Hanbury preferred would come to. Even an imbecile might be expected dimly to comprehend the real issue on which the House would have gone to a division had Mr. Hanbury stood to his guns, and thus to forecast with some degree of accuracy the result. Probably, Mr. Hanbury thinks still he might have carried a majority with him. But, supposing he had, what would have been the result? He might get credit for punishing an Ex-Premier, because he had claimed to use the English privilege of free speech. Possibly he might have deposed Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and Mr. Chaplin from the Leadership of "The Jingoes." But from such laurels the verdure soon fades, and Mr. Hanbury would have found that, somehow or other, even political success is long of coming to the men who, to use a phrase of Mr. Bright's, "wade through dirt to dignity." What amazes us, however, is that a person of Mr. Hanbury's education should not perceive that the position of a man like Mr. Gladstone, or M. Gambetta, or the late M. Thiers, even when out of office, is one which entitles him to be treated with the respect and careful regard due to the actual holders of supreme power. At any moment a crisis may arise, when only such a man can rule the country, or, perhaps, save it from destruction. An Ex-Premier of Mr. Gladstone's experience and abilities is always a possible premier, and it is hardly decent to brand with treason the name of a man who is likely yet to be called to rule over us, merely because he does not approve of a policy which commends itself to Mr. Hanbury. But really there is no arguing with our modern Conservatives when Mr. Gladstone happens to be in their mind's eye. Not only does Mr. Hanbury deny him the privilege of free speech and writing, but even so sensible a man as Mr. Cross, in the debate on the Scottish Church the other day, would not allow him the right to have opinions. They will next, we presume, deny to Mr. Gladstone the right to live, die, and be buried. We have often deplored the growth of that spirit of intolerance with which it seems the mission of the present Ministry to taint the House of Commons. They seem utterly to forget that the existence of an Opposition is a constitutional necessity. It appears to be their rooted conviction that they rule by Divine Right. They look upon Mr. Gladstone as poor George IV., when he went mad, looked upon Fox. They, like the insane old King, fancy they hold the monopoly of political truth, and that every man who does not think with them must be either a liar or a lunatic.

Yet, even in those bygone days Parliament was far less intolerant of criticism than it is now. Is there anything, for example, in Mr. Gladstone's article to be set beside such an outburst as that of Chatham, when he said, "I rejoice that America has resisted?" or again, "I hope some dreadful calamity will befall the country that will open the eyes of the King;" and, when called to order, "What I have spoken I have spoken conditionally, but I now retract the condition. I speak it absolutely, and I hope that some signal calamity will befall the country." Yet, even in that intolerant age, nobody would have dreamt of impeaching Chatham for sedition. Again, has Mr. Gladstone ever said or written anything so "seditious" as another outburst of Chatham's:—"You

may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow, traffic, and barter with every little German Prince. Your efforts are for ever vain and impotent, doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely, for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder. ...If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign host was landed in my country I would never lay down my arms, never, never, never."—And, again:—"In a just and necessary war, to maintain the rights and honour of my country, I would strip the shirt off my back to support it. But in such a war as this, unjust in its principle, impracticable in its means, and ruinous in its consequences, I would not contribute a single effort or a single shilling." We have fallen on evil times, indeed, if our statesmen must not be allowed the same freedom of speech, and treated with the same tolerance as was permitted to them in the reign of George III. Even Mr. Hanbury would shrink ere he branded Chatham as a traitor, and we daresay the time will come when people will look back with shame on the epoch when, for loyally pointing out the dangers that might follow from the employment of Indian troops in Europe, Mr. Gladstone was accused of sedition.

DISESTABLISHMENT IN SCOTLAND.

The abolition of lay patronage in Scotland was an astonishing feat to be performed by the party in whose traditions property is a sacred word. There is no such instance of confiscation in the annals of this century. Livings worth 20,000*l.* at twenty years purchase were, by a summary Act of the Legislature, reduced to the value of 22*l.*, and the patron was compelled to part with them at that sum if it were offered by the congregation. The spoliation of the Irish Church was a very half-hearted measure compared with the spoliation of the patrons of the Scotch Church, which was ordered by the present Government during their first year of office. It was not, as may be supposed, without a motive that the bitter opponents of the disestablishment of the Irish Church promoted a scheme so flagrantly inconsistent with their deep respect for property. And the motive was not, as again may be supposed, the removal of a popular grievance, a thing which they have long been accustomed to treat with incredulous scorn. For more than a century patronage had been a thorn in the side of the Kirk, and had been the irritant cause of repeated secessions, but it was not to prevent further dissent that Lord Beaconsfield's Government decided to abolish patronage. They had a purpose much more in conformity with the policy in which of late years the party has been educated. The abolition of patronage was intended to be a "conservative" measure; it was to strengthen and permanently "conserve" the Established Church by bringing back the bulk of the dissenting denominations to the fold. The wisdom of Polonius himself could not have devised a more plausible scheme. The existence of dissent in Scotland had long been a puzzle to uninitiated visitors. It was so difficult to see why one Church should be preferred to another when there was no perceptible difference in their forms and ceremonials, when the same doctrine was preached in all, and when all alike adhered to the Westminster Confession of Faith. If you asked any ordinary native the difference between the Established Church and the Free, he would probably be as much puzzled as yourself, and would indicate as the chief difference apparent to him that "the one paid for their ministers, and the other didna." Now and then, perhaps, you might meet with a more profound theologian who would tell you that "the Queen is the head of the Established Kirk, but Christ is the head o' oors," but this depth of insight was rare. There seemed to be no substantial difference of opinion. Underneath all this superficial agreement, however, calculating politicians thought they discerned a germinating cause of strife. Free Church congregations had the privilege, common to voluntary bodies, of electing their own pastor, while in the Established Church this privilege belonged to "the laird." Only let this privilege be conferred on Established Church congregations, and the Free Church would no longer have any reason for existing. Abolish patronage, and the Free churches would at once be deserted.

The result has shown how completely all anticipations based upon pure reason are at fault. There can be little doubt that, if the privilege which the State conceded in 1874 had been conceded a hundred and fifty years before, the Church of Scotland would now be a homogeneous body comprehending a very large majority of the people. But the concession comes too late. The adherents of the Free Church have been taught through a whole generation that there is a more vital difference between them and the Establishment than the privilege of electing their ministers. Historians approaching the subject with cool unbiassed judgment may tell them that it has been practically by the abuse of patronage that the Church of Scotland has been disintegrated, but they cannot let byegones be byegones, and return gratefully to the bosom of the Church now that patronage has been swept away. They have acquired a habit of antagonism to the Establishment, all the greater in consequence of the slight grounds of their dissent from it. Even the bribe of having the privilege of electing their minister while they were not asked to contribute to his support has been dangled before them in vain; the poorer members have long ceased to grudge their "mite," and with the richer members liberal subscription has become a point of honour and a matter of pride. It was a most acute and plausible calculation that, if patronage were abolished, the Established Church would at once become the Church of the majority, but they reckoned without the perversity of human nature. The adherents of the dissenting denominations have chosen to consider it an insult and a challenge, and have redoubled their efforts to bring about disestablishment. Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet twice in their first session disregarded Sir Robert Peel's maxim, "Whatever you do with an Established Church, don't legislate," and in both instances the result has been such as to remind them of its truth.

It is a lamentable instance of obstinacy, perhaps, but the abolition of patronage has not proved a message of peace and a healing ointment to the Church which the exercise of patronage broke up into bitterly antagonistic fragments. If the House of Commons had granted the Select Committee for which Mr. Holms asked on Tuesday to inquire into the operation of the Patronage Act, and "its effect on the reciprocal relations of the various religious denominations in Scotland, and to ascertain how far the people of Scotland are in favour of maintaining the connexion between Church and State in that country," it could only have brought to light what has already been made apparent and will be made still more apparent at next general election. Mr. Holms's motion gave Lord Hartington and Mr. Gladstone an opportunity of repeating the principle on which they have decided to act in the matter of disestablishment in Scotland, that it is a thing to be determined by the opinion of Scotland, and that, if the majority of the people wish it, they will render every assistance towards giving effect to the wish by parliamentary action. This is a perfectly clear line of conduct, and nothing beyond this could be expected from politicians who do not object to establishment on principle, although Mr. Cross seems to think it "unjustifiable, wrong, and inconsistent with their high position in the House and the country," and jerked out at them some extraordinary metaphors about stealing articles from shop windows. There is no conceivable reason for maintaining the Establishment in Scotland a day longer than the majority of the people wish. Nobody can pretend that in Scotland religion would be endangered by disestablishment. The Free Church has, in fact, been a gigantic experiment on the extent to which religious ministrations can be self-supporting in Scotland. When the majority of the people, without seeking any new departure in ceremonials or in doctrine, discover a preference for an ecclesiastical constitution in which the State has no part, the continuance of State interference in any shape with ecclesiastical matters becomes a superfluous intrusion. The Scotch Church, we may be sure, will not be disestablished without heat and struggle, but there never was less reason for fussy opposition to the inevitable.

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION.

If the weavers' representatives express faithfully the sentiments of their constituents, the end of the strike is perhaps to be regarded rather in the light of a truce than of an assured peace. "Let us," they say at the end of their manifesto, "organize ourselves, and ask the Government to establish arbitration, so that it can never again be refused." Is that all? Why not stand faithfully by one's own logic, and also ask the Government to compel people to speculate in cotton mills whether they will or no? If, whenever the moment arrives for the fullest and most special exercise of his personal responsibilities, a manufacturer discovers that he must conduct his business not according to his own but somebody else's discretion, the chances are that he will invest his capital in some other industry where his natural freedom will be less interfered with. A request for legislative enforcement of the award of an arbitration into which both sides have entered voluntarily, is one thing; it is even probable that Parliament may renew its old but abortive efforts to encourage the formation of Boards. But to force A to arbitrate, simply because that mode of settlement may have caught the fancy of his opponent B, would be a return to the system of paternal legislation to which, we imagined, the first fatal blow had been dealt by the statutes of 5 and 6 Geo. IV.

Five or six statutes on arbitration have been passed since the beginning of the century. One of 5 George IV. repealed, more or less completely, seven acts that had been in force since the time of George II., and some of which bore especially on the very industry of which Messrs. Birtwistle and Whalley themselves are the ornaments. The questions with which the new Act empowered arbitrators to deal turned on wages, damage to machinery, and contracts as to the size, quantity, and quality of yarn distributed among the operatives. The referees chosen by both sides had power to call witnesses, and administer oaths; and, in the event of their disagreeing, resort might be had to a justice of the peace, from whose decision there was no appeal. This statute was amended by 1 Vic., 67; and in 8 and 9 Vic., c. 77, there were embodied some stringent provisions, according to which the hosiery manufacturers were, with each piece of work, to issue to the workmen a descriptive ticket, the duplicate of which was to be produced in the event of a future dispute. The statute is amusing as an illustration of the conscientious minuteness with which the grandest Legislature in the world entered into the anatomy of socks, stockings, shirts, and gloves. If any one doubts the Collective Wisdom's capacity to deal with the infinitely little, let him study its utterances on gussets, "dumps or clocks," and "jacks in width." But the chief Act is that of 1867 for establishing "Equitable Councils of Conciliation to adjust Differences between Masters and Men." Any number of masters and workmen might receive an arbitration license on conforming to certain conditions of residence, duration of mastership or service, and provision for the expenses of the Board. The Act provided in the most elaborate manner for registration of voters, returning officers, election days, and rights of poll; in fact, it bears a considerable resemblance to the Parliamentary Franchise Bill which troubled the community in those days. The award, said the Act, shall be "final and conclusive between the parties to such arbitration, without being subject to review or challenge by any Court or authority whatsoever." Of the Arbitration Act of 1872—which, it seems, was owing to the exertions of Mr. Rupert Kettle—we need only say that it is chiefly concerned with procedure, and that it leaves the greatest difficulty of all unsolved, viz., the settlement of trade questions in advance. The Act, no doubt, permits arbitrators to fix future wages, hours of work, etc.; but it is practically inoperative because of the customary system of short notice. It is stated that there is not a single recorded instance of application for permission to establish a Board under the Act; and this indifference is significant. There is one portion of the Act of 1867 which, it may be thought, would hardly satisfy Unionists, and that is Clause 9, which provides that *any* workman, qualified as described, may claim to be registered as a voter for the Arbitration or Conciliation Board. And why, again, did the Act restrict the councils in their choice of a chairman? A trade Board ought to be at full liberty to choose anybody, from Cardinal Manning to "Bullocky Orton."

In brief, the Arbitration Acts have failed because they are too cumbrous, because they have the appearance, at least, of offending the average Englishman's susceptibilities in the matter of State interference, and because the real point is, not how to arbitrate wisely, but how to avoid arbitrating at all; not how to settle a dispute, but how to prevent a dispute from arising. This problem has been triumphantly solved by the Nottingham trades, without any State aid whatever, and there is nothing in the world to prevent the system from being universally copied. Its adoption in the Lancashire districts would to a considerable extent meet the two great difficulties described in Mr. James Shaw's letter in Thursday's *Times*—viz., the operatives' ignorance of trade questions, and the absence of personal intercourse between the former and their employers. The lace trade regulations are models of brevity, clearness, and business-like shrewdness—the very opposite, in these respects, of the parliamentary enactments. The procedure and constitution of the Board are also simple and effective. Twelve workmen and twelve masters form the full Board, which is divided into three sub-committees, representing the levers, curtain, and plain net branches of the trade. Every question—in a *joint* written statement, if possible—is first submitted to one or other of the sub-committees. If unsettled by the latter, it is carried to the full Board, and in the last resort to the official referee. The delegates are elected periodically, and the meetings take place every quarter, or oftener if necessary. The experience of this system in the lace and hosiery trades is that, with extremely rare exceptions, every question has been disposed of by discussion at the Board and sub-committees. This answers the objection as to the inapplicability of the conciliation method to complex industries. There is at least as much complexity in the three branches of the lace trade as in the carding, spinning, and weaving departments of the cotton trade. It is the general impression that the Lancashire strike would have been avoided if a permanent representative Board had been in existence. In their present mood, the masters might very possibly reject a joint Board of any sort; but the men would certainly welcome the proposal, and it requires no profound insight into human nature to predict that, as delegates, the Whalleys and the Birtwistles, and the Colonel Jacksons, too, for the matter of that, would soon manifest a spirit very different from that of their present furiously militant attitude. "Whenever any breach of economic laws has been suggested by workmen outside the board," says a report on the Nottingham trades, "the operative delegates have always been the first to denounce it"—and we might fill columns with other testimony to the same effect. Sooner or later, the inevitable development of trade organisation will necessitate the adoption of some machinery of the kind. At present we have only—in the textile and most other trades—huge unions on one side, and huge associations on the other; both, as we have seen, omnipotent for destruction; but, owing to the absence of some connecting link, correspondingly powerless for peace.

THE RAJAH OF KUCH BEHAR.

The young Rajah of Kuch Behar, who has recently arrived on a visit to this country, is a personage of no little interest to those who concern themselves with the social development of our Indian fellow-subjects. As a native prince he ranks low on the long roll of feudatories with whose names English newspapers have recently made us familiar. He cannot compare in extent of territory with the Nizam of Hyderabad, nor in ancient lineage with the Rana of Dodeypoor, nor in military traditions with the houses of Scindiah and Holkar; yet the peculiar position which he occupies among Indian chiefs marks an epoch in the history of that country. He is the first Hindu ruler who has deliberately broken through the bonds of caste, and violated the most deeply-rooted prejudices of his countrymen, by announcing himself a member of the sect of theistic reformers known as the Brahmo Somaj. His

admission into that sect was signalised by his marriage last March with the daughter of Babu Keshub Chunder Sen, the theistic preacher whose visit to England a few years ago caused a flutter in the breasts of our social reformers. The Babu went back to India unconverted to Christianity, and it is to be hoped that our missionary societies will refrain from attempting to tamper with the faith of our present visitor, whose age is only about fifteen years.

The petty state of Kuch Behar is situated in Northern Bengal, entirely surrounded by British territory. It covers an area of 1,292 square miles, and contains a total population according to the census of 1872, of 532,565 souls. The majority of the inhabitants, or about 63 per cent, belong to the aboriginal tribe of Koch or Rajbunzi, from which the Rajah is himself descended. The country is marked by few natural characteristics. It forms part of the vast alluvial plain that stretches from the foot of the Himalayas southwards to the bank of the Ganges. The surface is furrowed by the channels of the numerous hill streams that pour down from the mountains, and change their wandering course year by year. No elevation is anywhere to be found rising fifty feet above the general level. The staple crop is rice, of which sufficient is raised to neet the local demand, but there is no surplus for exportation. The other crops are oil seeds, jute, and tobacco, the two last being largely exported to the great river mart of Serajgunje on the Brahma Putra. In the year 1876-77 the exports from Kuch Behar, as registered at Serajgunge, amounted to a total value of 152,000*l.*, towards which tobacco contributed 79,000*l.*, and jute 50,000*l.* Both these branches of trade are of recent growth. The imports were valued at 56,000*l.*, chiefly composed of salt, cotton goods, grain, and hardware. The only indigenous manufactures are the weaving of cloth or bagging from jute, and of a coarse silk fabric from the cocoons of a silk-worm fed upon the castor-oil plant, and yet this little tract, although small in area and backward in civilisation, plays a comparatively large part in the history of Northern Bengal. It lies on the frontier between Bengal and Assam, where successive waves of migration from various quarters have come into collision. At the same time, it is sufficiently remote from the main current of Indian conquest, which has always followed the course of the Ganges, to preserve a partial independence against both the Mahommedans and the English. Long before the rise of the present dynasty of Kuch Behar several lines of powerful monarchs had ruled in this region, and the extensive ruins of their buried capitals are to be seen at the present day. Local tradition still cherishes the memory of the early Hindu kings of Kamrup, whose empire extended from the further end of the Assam valley over large part of Northern Bengal. The last king of Kamrup is said to have been treacherously overthrown and taken prisoner by Husain Shah, the Afghan King of Bengal, who reigned at Gour in the fifteenth century. But the Mussulmans did not permanently annex the country. For many years a period of anarchy prevailed, while the wild tribes were fighting for pre-eminence; at last, the Koch race, under a leader named Hajo, asserted its superiority, and founded a new kingdom almost as extensive as the old empire of Kamrup. The present royal family trace their descent to a certain Visu Singh, who began to reign in 1511 A.D. It is admitted that the mother of Visu Singh was of aboriginal stock, but his father was none other than the great god Siva, who assisted him in all his conquests. On this account each successive Rajah of Kuch Behar assumes the title of Warain or Lord, whence was derived the name of the *waraini* coinage current throughout Bengal in the last century. When a divine origin was assigned to their king the general mass of the Koch population also repudiated the stain of aboriginal descent. It was discovered that they were the offspring of members of the Kshattriya or warrior caste of early Hinduism, who had escaped the wrath of the destroying Parasuram by flying to this distant corner of the peninsula. They assumed the appellation of Rajbonsi, which means "of royal race," and the old name of Koch is now entirely ignored at the court of the rajah. The empire founded by Visu Singh rapidly fell to pieces in the hands of his degenerate descendants. It suffered from the two great evils of Hindu administration, subinfeudation and long minorities. The State of Kuch Behar still retains what was the original nucleus of the kingdom, but extensive tracks on all sides were torn off to form appanages for younger scions of the royal family. When once separated, these tracts were never again united to the central authority, and they now form *zemindaris* or landed estates under British rule. The kingdom, thus enfeebled, was able to offer little resistance to the enemies who now pressed forward from every quarter. On the south the Mogul Mahommedans, on the north the Bhooteas, and on the east the Ahoms or Assamese, gradually circumscribed the limits of the State. Indeed, it is difficult to understand how the Rajahs succeeded in maintaining their independence against the frontier troops of the Mussalman Nawaub of Bengal. That they did so is proved not only by the non-inclusion of Kuch Behar in the province ceded to the East India Company in 1765; but also by the circumstance that the Mahommedans now form only twenty-seven per cent. of the population, as compared with sixty per cent. in the neighbouring district of Rungpoor.

British relations with Kuch Behar date from the year 1773, when the Rajah threw himself upon our protection, in order to escape the tyrranny of the Bhooteas, who seem, at that time to have claimed certain rights of suzerainty over the State. In response to this appeal, a small military force, consisting of four companies of sepoys and one field-gun, was marched into the country. The Bhooteas were driven out, pursued into their mountain fastnesses, and compelled to sue for peace through the mediation of the Lama of Thibet. It may be incidentally remarked that the success of this little expedition contrasts strongly with that of the elaborate Bhootan campaign of 1864-65. In return for this assistance, the Rajah of Kuch Behar executed a treaty by which he acknowledged subjection to the East India Company, and consented to pay a yearly tribute of one half his revenues. Our relations with the State are still limited to the interpretation put upon the words of this treaty. As a matter of practice, we have always exercised the minimum of interference in the internal administration. The Rajahs, free from the wholesome terror of external attack or domestic revolution, have, for the most part, sunk into the character of devotees or voluptuaries. The one half share of the revenues due to the British was, at early date, commuted for a fixed annual sum of 6,770*l.*, which still continues to be paid into the treasury at Goalpara. But otherwise the native system of government was permitted to go on in its own way, and no European visited the country for intervals of often years at a time. At length, on the death of the last Rajah in 1863 public attention was suddenly directed to Kuch Behar. The heir was Nrip Mdra Narain, the present prince, a boy then only ten months old. His natural guardians, the ranees or widows of the late Rajah, quarrelled among themselves, and it was decided by the British Government to undertake the direct management of affairs during his minority. It is needless to enumerate the benefits that have been since conferred upon the State. The British officer placed in charge was scrupulously instructed "to make no organic changes beyond what might be absolutely necessary," but the entire spirit of the administration has been reformed. The courts of justice, the police, the gaols, education — have all been remodelled after the pattern of a British District. A comprehensive settlement of the land revenue has been effected, by which the rights of all the cultivators have beeen ascertained; and roads have been opened out in every direction. The total revenue has been raised from 59,000*l.* in 1865 to 116,000*l.* in 1875, and during the same period a surplus of 170,000*l.* has been accumulated and invested. All this has been achieved through the agency of native officials, with the single exception of the British superintendent. The general result cannot be better summed up than in the words of a Government report: "The cultivators of Kuch Behar are in a much better position than men of the same class in Bengal. They are a contented and well-to-do class." Such is the State over which the Rajah is destined to rule, when his long minority shall have terminated. In actual wealth he will be surpassed by many English Noblemen, but he will have it in his power to control the welfare of half a million human

beings. England has much to teach this young prince, who has hitherto been educated under an English tutor at the Patna College, and who it is announced will stay in this country for a full twelvemonth. He has already proved that his mind is open to the reception of new ideas, and of as much of our modern civilisation as it is desirable that he should adopt. Above all things it is to be hoped that his life will be preserved from the untimely end that befell the Rajah of Kolhapoor, the only Hindu prince who has previously visited Europe. The experiment of a native ruler emancipated from the narrow superstitions of Hinduism could not possibly be tried under more favourable conditions.

UNITED STATES' INDIAN WARS.

For some time past *ennui* has been the prevailing complaint along the United States Indian frontier. Buffaloes have been scarce, and the redskins so uniformly peaceable, that no reasonable excuse could be found for testing the capacity of small arms on them. Under these circumstances, every lover of his species (with a white face) will rejoice to hear that boredom is at at end, and that the summer of 1878 promises to be one in which much aboriginal gore will be shed in the regions that lie under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. A general Indian war is on hand. This we learn from the Secretary of the Interior, Carl Schurz. More troops and more money are necessary. This is the burden of General Sherman's telegram. The Shoshones and Bannacks of Idaho and Oregon are moving from the headwaters of the Columbia River and taking up their position in the lava beds between Great Campas Prairie and the Salmon River, a locality which, in the Modoc War, the Caucasians who engaged in that inglorious struggle found a remarkably difficult bit of country. It might be remarked that it was their tribesmen and their near cousins, the Nez Percez, or Pierced Noses, who were about this time last year at war with the United States, and were, as we read in official documents, utterly routed by the courage and energy of the troops under the command of a certain General Howard, a warlike Paladin dwelling in those parts. The truth of the matter was that General Howard and his warriors were utterly routed by White Bird and his coloured clansmen, who only surrendered when they found their comestibles growing short. It is this same General Howard who is at present sending alarming despatches to the Washington Government, and demanding more troops, more powder, more bullets, more corned beef, and, above all, more money, in order to crush the Ishmaelites who are insolent enough to imagine that they have a better right to their native land than the lank men who "located" thereabouts some thirty or forty years ago at the outside. The general who so covered his name with glory last year professes himself anxious again to seek the battle field, but confesses that with his recollections of one or two untoward events in his career, he does not feel justified in moving south on the "hostiles." The truth of the matter is, the United States troops along the frontier are few, and not very fierce, while the Indians are numerous, and in the matter of blood-letting, exceedingly skilful operators. They know every pass, every spring, every grassy valley. They are troubled with no commissariat wagons, despatches, artillery, nor ambulance trains. They can subsist on anything, from sage bush shoots to grasshoppers, and as their wardrobe, bedding, and uniform consists of a ragged blanket, they travel even more quickly than does the proverbial proprietor of the thin pair of breeches. Worst of all, that brown son of Belial, Sitting Bull, after having enjoyed an agreeable relaxation among his Sioux kindred in Manitoba, "cal'lates," as the frontiersmen say, on moving south, and replenishing his fast decreasing stock of scalps and serviceable horses of American breed. Now, the United States knows Sitting Bull. We do not, for our part, believe that he is a West Point Graduate, George Francis Train, or even General Butler, in disguise. In the first place, he is much too honest to be the latter gentleman, is not a fool, and hence, cannot be the second, while his military skill is of rather a higher grade than results from a training in even the admirable Military School on the Hudson River. The truth is, that Sitting Bull is a Sioux chief, with a taste for liberty and plunder, and, in pursuit of these *penchants*, found himself hotly pursued by a certain General Custer. This general was a skilful soldier, after the text books, and accordingly so arranged his plans that his rival should be surrounded, and sent, with all his followers, to the Happy Hunting grounds as fast as Shrapnel shell and Henry revolving rifles could put them. But Sitting Bull was also a soldier, and, in his own way, a kind of prairie Moltke, for in the Little Horn Cañon he surprised Custer and all his men, and meeted out to them the measure they had prepared for him and his soapless spearmen. Thereafter, not iliogically considering the United States climate unsuitable for long life, he quietly moved over the frontier, and settled down in the Canadian Dominion, where, being justly treated, he has behaved himself as Indians, and most other people do, under like circumstances. In the United States the Indians have always been at war with the whites; in the British possessions rarely, and never as tribes.

We note this renewed Indian war in the United States, not because in an Indian war is there any novelty. On the contrary, for a period beyond which the memory of man runneth not, the United States Government and citizens have been at murderous feud with the race whose fair heritage they now occupy, and, there is every likelihood, will be, until the last "hostile" Indian's bones lie very peaceably on the green prairie, or in a glass case in the Smithsonian Institution. When Captain John Smith and his swashbucklering cavaliers landed in the "Empire of Virginia," the aborigines of the United States, judging from the traces they have left behind, could not have been less than 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 in number. We question if at the present moment they number 500,000. Driven from bank to wall, and from wall to ditch, they have contested every foot breadth of the weary road over which they have had to retreat to make way for the Anglo-Saxon flood. Disease, whiskey, misery untold, and villanous saltpetre have civilized them off the face of the earth which was once their own. Once all the region east of the Mississippi, from Maine to Louisiana, was thickly peopled with the prosperous villages of those whom the old travellers called "the salvages." No part of America now shows so thickly populated a country, or so joyous a savage race as those who there hunted in the woods, and paddled their birch canoes, or Mandan coracles. With the exception of a few all but civilised fragments of tribes in one or two of the States, there is not now one single Indian—who owns to the name—in all that wide region. A swarthy, keen-eyed lawyer pleading in the Supreme Court of New York, or a very dark-haired gentleman who sits next you in a general's uniform at a state dinner in the White House, are to the keenest ethnological eye about the only signs of the now thickly peopled states, covered with cities and towns, having been once inhabited only by dwellers in wigwams, who fished the salmon and hunted the bear and the deer, with no man to make them afraid.

Yet—paradoxical though the statement may seem—the United States Government has not primarily treated the natives badly. They have recognised their right to every foot breadth of the land, and have—perhaps under pressure—formed treaties with them for the cession of it to the whites under conditions which seem at first sight not unjust, and even favourable to the original holders, who made little use of it. The Government arranged that the Indians should cede their lands, and receive so much down for them, and the rest in yearly annuities terminable at a long date, while large tracts of good land were secured "for all time" to the Indians on which to live and, if possible, cultivate the arts of peace. On these "reservations" the Government "located" the Indians. They built them houses, supplied them with agricultural implements, missionaries, schoolmasters, and all appliances of civilisation, and above all they supplied them with that acme of all roguery—an Indian agent. The agents were not selected for their knowledge of aboriginal character, or, indeed, with any regard to their character whatever. They were merely the ruck of decayed politicians or wirepullers, not presentable enough for foreign missions, or with souls

above post offices. The result need not be told. Yet, strange to say, these offices were and are largely run after. A lawyer with a practice of ten thousand dollars per annum in San Francisco or Chicago has been known to accept an Indian agency in some remote place, and after living there for five years retire—stranger still to say—with a fortune. Probably he may have saved it from his salary—there are some very economical people even in America. But in regard to this the world has been uniformly sceptical, and, we are bound to say, not unreasonably. For on an average the salary of an Indian agent is only 1,500 dollars per annum in greenbacks, and without rations, in a quarter where rations cost no little money; indeed, the fact need not be concealed—for in America there is nothing better known—the officials of the Indian Department are notorious dishonest. The Indian annuities pass through their hands, and so do the Indian contracts, and a large per centage of both go no further. There may be exceptions, but the exceptions prove the rule. Endless stories are told of the peculations of these men, one of whom a facetious senator once described as "that noblest, but at the same time *rarest*, work of God, an honest Indian agent." No subject is a more favourite one for the American press to dilate on, or for the Transatlantic philanthropist to thunder about. So scandalous has this state of matters become that in one or two places the Government has put the Indians in charge of the Quakers, as being pious men, and, therefore, presumably honest. But lately this has not worked altogether well, and for years past there has been an agitation to have the Indian Department, Commissioner, Superintendents, Agents, Interpreters, and all incorporated with the War Department. But that would, in fact, be only removing the evil to another quarter, not eradicating it; though, we are bound to say, that an officer and a gentleman would be more likely to be honest than a New York Ward "Repeater," who may be an officer but is not a gentleman. But the evil does not end then. The Indians know perfectly well that the agent is a thief, and often tell him so. Various Indian wars have originated in this way. But after being secure in their reservations—as they think—an order comes to remove the Indians further off. Their improvements and their rich lands have excited the envy of the whites, whose votes are too powerful for Congress men of flabby fibre to resist. And so the Indian, amid bloodshed and hate, has again to take up his weary western tramp, knowing that again he will have to remove. The result is that he loses heart, becomes utterly depraved and demoralised, and adding to his original sin that learned from the agents, and the *entourage* of an agency, becomes impervious to anything like civilisation or ennobling influences. General Pope, only a few years ago, reported that he had examined into the causes of all the Indian wars in the Far West, and he had come to the conclusion that in no case were the Indians the original aggressors. However, as the savages subscribe to no newspapers, and are powerless in Caucus and Convention, it is nobody's business to advocate their cause, but everybody's interest to conceal the truth. The end, no doubt, will be that every summer, as the grass and game gets plentiful enough, some "Sitting Bull" or other will make unhappy the life of some General Howard, or that "Young-man-afraid-of-his-ho'sses" will not show himself so afraid of other peoples.

BETTING LAW AND CUSTOM.

It is often asked why all such places as Tattersall's and the Victoria Club are allowed to flourish unmolested by the police, while the small betting houses are rigorously put down, and any small betting man who opens his book and lays the odds in the street is liable at once to be "run in." The answer is, that a bet is not made in the eye of the law unless money is staked upon it; it then becomes a "wager." The small betting houses flourished until the police put into force 16 and 17 Vict. c. 109, with 17 and 18 Vict., c. 38, by which it was made illegal to keep houses for the receipt of money on deposit for bets. In consequence of these Acts most of the ready money betting houses were closed as regards the transaction of business by backers in person; but the development of the postal system and increase of education among the lower classes enabled ready money betting still to flourish by correspondence. It is needless to remark that "bookmakers" will not lay bets to persons whom they do not know personally to be men of substance, or who do not "post" their money. Hence the middle and working classes when they betted did so on the ready money system. The continuance of betting among these classes, by means of the post, induced the Legislature to pass other measures (36 and 37 Vict., c. 94, and 37 and 38 Vict., c. 18), which made it illegal for any person to advertise that he would make bets, or even that he would give information upon races with a view to induce backers to send money to him for the purposes of betting. Thus the bookmakers of the ready money class were in turn driven from England to Scotland, thence to Paris, and finally even their advertisements of business in Paris were excluded by statute from English newspapers. They still carry on their trade, with less facility than formerly, by means of a sort of masonic advertisement which only the initiated can interpret. In certain papers "Continental betting" is published. This gives a list of prices which the English bookmakers in Paris are ready to lay, and these odds are regulated by telegrams from their London agents. In juxtaposition to this table of odds appear mysterious addresses like cards of business, "Mr. A. B. C., Rue de ———, Paris," which, being interpreted is, that Mr. A. B. C. will lay the quoted odds on receipt of ready money to the above address; anything more explicit than this would at once bring the proprietor of the newspaper within the statute, and make him liable to a 100*l.* penalty. Now, Tattersall's, and the clubs conducted on its principles, do not infringe any of these statutes. No money passes at them on making a bet; all bets are made upon credit. There is, therefore, no evidence of a wager being made. The payment of money on a subsequent "settling day" does not affect the immunity, for then the bets are not being made, and there is no law against a bet being paid, though a wager cannot be recovered by civil process. A betting man who bets on credit in the streets cannot be punished for "keeping a betting house," but is liable as a vagabond for "obstruction" and nuisance, under a different statute (36 and 37 Vic., c. 38). Betting lists, "stools," "desks," and other paraphernalia of the betting ring which were once seen upon every race course, are now held to be "places for the purposes of betting," within the meaning of the statute, if the layer of odds receives money on deposit at such places. The effect of this legislation is to check gambling by those persons who are not possessed of sufficient ostensible means to enable them to bet upon credit. If they can manage to do the latter it is their own fault, in the eye of the law, if they afterwards decline to protect themselves by refusing to pay their losses. Even money staked for a wager is not lost merely because the wager is lost, until the money so won has been paid by the stakeholder to the winner, after which, unless the loser has given notice to the stakeholder not to pay over the money, the loser has no legal claim for his lost stake. In "Hampden *v.* Walsh," Hampden betted one Wallace 500*l.* that the world was flat, and Walsh (editor of the *Field*) was stakeholder. The verdict of the umpire went against Hampden, he would not accept it, and gave notice to Walsh not to pay over the stake. He sued for his money, and on appeal it was decided that he had a *locus penitentiæ* to withdraw from his wager even after it was lost, until the wager had been paid over to the winner *with the loser's consent;* and till such consent was given he did not abandon his property in the stake. In a case where the layer of odds is also the stakeholder he becomes the recipient of the winnings so soon as his bet is won, so that there is no scope for *locus penitentiæ* in the backer's case between the time of the bet being lost and the money being paid to the "winner." Hence the importance in the eye of the law of prohibiting ready-money betting. The law says, in fact, "You may bet as much as you like, provided you do not do so in the streets to cause an obstruction, and provided you trust only to each other's honour to pay and receive. If, after that, you choose to make each other presents of money to which the recipient has no legal title, we do not interfere with you; but you may

not stake money for wagers, and, if you do so stake, all such wagering contracts shall be void at law. Still, if you, of your own free will, pay or allow money to be paid for a bet, you can maintain no action for its recovery." This summarises the statute law as to betting, and explains the apparent anomaly of the immunity enjoyed by Tattersall's and similar places, such as the "Subscription Rooms" at Newmarket.

There is a possible contingency under the "rules of betting" —*i.e.*, of betting *customs*—(which must not be confounded with the *statute* law relating to wagers)—which, if it was known to occur, might bring Tattersall's and its *confrères* within the penalties of the statute. By Rule 4, a better may order bets to be posted on both sides, on proving to the satisfaction of the committee of the races that he has just ground for his demand to protect himself. If such an order is made, and the money is not posted or secured, the defaulter is liable to expulsion. Such cases but rarely happen; but it is obvious that such an occurrence, if proved, would establish a case for a penalty against the lessees of the houses. The last notorious case of this sort was in 1868, when the late Marquis of Hastings was called upon to post sundry of his Derby bets, as his solvency was suspected. His required bets were accordingly "covered," and, after his death, all his outstanding debts of honour were liquidated.

So far we have dealt with Betting Law. During the last few days two or three curious questions of betting custom (*i.e.* rules of betting) have attracted notice. It is a rule of acing that, if a nominator of a stake dies before the race is run, his nomination is void, and all bets are "off" as to the nomination. Again, certain races are called "p.p." (play or pay), *i.e.*, a bet upon a horse nominated in such race holds good whether he runs or not. A certain number of races are *ex officio* "p.p.," and any handicap exceeding 200*l.* value, "with a second forfeit of not less than 5*l.*," also becomes "p.p." Now, a horse—Lancaster—was entered for the Chester Cup. His nominator "scratched" him, so that, if the race was run, the horse could not have run for it, and, therefore, had no chance of winning. Soon afterwards he died, and the nomination lapsed; Lancaster was no longer in the race, and no forfeit or stakes could be claimed on his behalf by the future winner of the race. The committee of Tattersall's ruled that, because the horse was scratched before his nomination had lapsed, therefore all bets upon him had been practically given up as lost, and that as the race was "p.p." backers must pay. This ruling was bad law. Technically, the race was not "p.p." The committee forgot this fact. It *used* to be "p.p." from time immemorial till this year, when its conditions were altered and the "second forfeit" abolished, which destroyed its "p.p." qualifications. Therefore, even if Lancaster's owner had lived, no backer would have been forced to pay over him. No doubt, layers and backers believed the race to be still "p.p." when they made their bets. No one had noticed the change of conditions, but none the less, technically, were all bets off on non-starters. Thus the decision was bad at the outset, and will doubtless be reversed on reconsideration. But there is a further ground upon which bets might have been said to be off, even if the Chester Cup had been "p.p." this year by its conditions. A bet is due over a horse if he loses a race. He does not lose it unless he is beaten. In a non-"p.p." race he is not beaten unless he goes to the post and loses. In a "p.p." race he is not beaten until a forfeit is due from him to the winner, which is evidence that he has been beaten. If he is not in the race—not nominated, or his nomination void—he owes no forfeit. How, then, can he be a "beaten" horse? If not beaten, how can bets be due upon him? Suppose the Dee had flooded Chester Race Course in the race week, or an invading army had sacked the city so that the race became void, all nominations would thus have been void; and, there being no winner, there could have been no losers, even though many entered horses might beforehand have confessed their individual chances to be hopeless and have been scratched. In 1870 the French Derby and Grand Prix became void by the war. All nominations lapsed. If any horses in this race had been backed and scratched before their nominations thus became void none the less were all bets off upon them. No one denied this, and the principle holds equally good when any old nominations become void.

Yet another anomaly. Queen's Plates are for mares and stallions; geldings may not enter for them. A gelding was entered by mistake for the Queen's Plate at Leicester, and came in first. He was disqualified, and the race given to the second horse. Yet the committee say that all bets are "off." Practically, this gelding was no more in the race than the shadow of any one of the other horses, which might have passed the post first; or than a dog or a cow, if such an animal could have run in the race and have come in first. The second horse passed the post first of the *bonâ fide* entries, and should have had the bets. The rules of betting make no provision for such cases, and leave them to the discretion of the committee, who often decide contradictorily. In 1867 Claxton, after being struck out of the Huntingdon Stakes, ran by mistake, and came in first. Bets on this race were declared "off." The other day a similar case occurred. Stamfordham came in first for the Lothians Handicap after being scratched, yet bets stood, and Owton, the second horse, got stakes and bets. It is difficult to find any common principle in these two decisions. If one is right the other must be wrong.

The rules as to double and treble event bets are contrary to mathematics and to fair play. Suppose A backs B to win one race, and C to win another, at 100 to 1 the double event. If either horse loses, A loses his bet. If both win, he wins it. If B wins and C runs a "dead heat" (which is not run off), then A wins half his 100 and loses half his 1; he nets $49\frac{1}{2}$. So far so good. But, if B runs a dead heat in the first race, and it is never run off, the rules say that the bet is off, even if C afterwards wins! By rights, A should win $49\frac{1}{2}$, as in the other case. Suppose B runs a dead heat at one o'clock, and is to run it off at four; meantime C wins at three o'clock. Till this dead heat is run off the bet is worth, mathematically, $49\frac{1}{2}$ to A to sell, on the theory that B is as likely to win as to lose; and if he and the layer agree—before the dead heat is run off (and after C has won)—to divide, he would get his $49\frac{1}{2}$ net, paying half of 1, and receiving half of 100. But, if at the last moment B does not run off the dead heat, but divides the race with his antagonist, then, by the anomalous rules of betting, A loses the market value of his bet ($49\frac{1}{2}$), and the bet is off. To explain our principle still farther, we could give a hypothetical example of a triple event of B, C, and D, each backed for one of three consecutive races. Each horse runs a dead heat. The theoretical chances of B winning his race, if he runs it off, is one out of three—one third. The same of C and of D respectively. Therefore, the chance of the backer winning his triple event is $\frac{1}{3} \times \frac{1}{3} \times \frac{1}{3}$ or $\frac{1}{27}$. Suppose he has taken 2700 to 27 (100 to 1), then he should win by rights 1-27 of 2700 (or 100), and lose 26-27 of 27 (or 26). His net gain is valued at 100—26 =74, and this is what he should receive if the three triple dead heats remained undecided. But, under the existing rules, he would be robbed of his dues, and though his bet was probably increased in value the moment that B had beaten all opponents but two in the first race, it would be declared off. The rule suits book makers, and for that reason there would be much difficulty in obtaining an alteration of it; but any fifth-form boy will see that it is in direct violation of the mathematical laws of chances and probabilities. Betting rules and customs are evidently based upon caprice, and not upon any mathematical science.

PROPERTY IN BOOKS.

The Copyright Commissioners, whose report has just been issued, cannot be accused of a perfunctory discharge of their duties. They have given the subject of copyright a most thorough consideration in all its bearings personal and public, grappling honestly with minute practical details as well as with general principles, and really doing their utmost to find a just compromise between the proprietary claims of authors and the interests of the public. As the result of their labours they propose changes of no small moment in the existing law. They suggest a new term of copyright for writers of books, and they propose to give a similar protection from pillage to sculptors, painters, and musicians. They have even listened to the cry of the photograper, and propose to add to the term

during which he may call a particular negative his own. On the whole, the Commissioners are as judicious in their recommendations as they have been painstaking in the framing of them. The amelioration of the *status quo* which they propose for writers of books—the worst paid of all the labourers who desire protection for their earnings—is not great, but at first sight it appears to have practical advantages. As the law stands, the copyright of a work is vested in its author, or in those to whom he has assigned or bequeathed it, for a period of forty-two years from the date of publication or for seven years after the author's death, whichever is the longer period. During those forty-two or more years no one can print and sell it without the permission of the author or his representatives. But in the practical working of this, apart from the objection that the term is not long enough, causes for dissatisfaction have revealed themselves. The authors of books of instruction, and even of books of pure literature, very often introduce great improvements upon the original in subsequent editions. The copyright of the original expires before the copyright of the later editions, and the work in its first form may be printed by any bookseller who cares to make the venture, to the injury at once of the author's reputation, and of the pecuniary interests of those who hold the copyright of the work as finally emended. It is chiefly to redress this abuse that the Commissioners have recommended that the copyright should extend without any alternative for a period of thirty years after the author's death.

When the proposed change is looked narrowly into, it is not seen to amount to much, but it has at least the superficial appearance of enabling an author to make some sort of provision by his labour for such of his family as survive him, till they are of an age to provide for themselves. It would, doubtless, have been much more satisfactory for those who spend toilsome days and nights in the ill-remunerated trade of making books, if the law had made it possible for them to leave something which should be a support for life to an unmarried daughter or an invalid son, instead of going to swell the profits of an enterprising publisher. But they must be thankful for small mercies. There are conceivable cases in which the copyright law, if amended as the Commissioners suggest, would be more favourable to the family of a deceased author than the law now in force. It is hard, indeed, to see why the particular species of brain labourer called author, should not have his control over the fruits of his labour still further extended, even if it is not to be as much at his disposal as a piece of land. We observe that Sir Louis Mallet, an economist whose opinion is entitled to much respect, dissents from some of the more important recommendations of the Commissioners. He does not put forward any alternative practical proposal, but he feels himself compelled, he says, not to let pass without protest the claims which some of the witnesses examined by the Commission have urged to perpetual copyright. We cannot say that the grounds on which Sir Louis Mallet makes this protest seem to us to have any validity. "The right," he says, "conferred by a copyright law derives its chief value from the discovery of the art of printing; and there appears no reason for giving to authors any larger share in the value of a mechanical invention, to which they have contributed nothing, than to any other member of the community." By parity of reasoning it seems to us the law should refuse protection to the property of a returned citizen who had made a fortune in the United States, because there was no reason for giving him any larger share in the value of the discovery of Columbus, to which he contributed nothing, than to any other member of the community. Let A steal his watch, let B make away with his plate, let C appropriate his great coat, pay his dividends over the counter to the first comer, for if Columbus had never discovered America, he might have been penniless. When Baron Reuter is denied redress against a pickpocket in the name of Wheatstone, when the warehouses of cotton-spinners are made a common prey in the name of James Watt, when Nabobs are despoiled with impunity in the name of Clive, we shall begin to see evenhanded, if not abstract justice, in Sir Louis Mallet's reasoning.

Sir Louis Mallet denies what was urged upon the Commissioners by Professor Huxley, that the right of an author to property in his published works is as complete and extends as far as the right of any person to any property whatever, and contends on the contrary that "the claims of an author to a right of property in his published works rests upon a radical economic fallacy, namely, a misconception of the nature of the law of value." We have followed Sir Louis Mallet into the somewhat intricate argument with which he supports this, and we think we can make it clear to him, unless he holds that books come not by labour but by gift of God, that there is a still more radical fallacy in his reasoning. Value, he says, is caused by scarcity; a thing is valuable in proportion as it is scarce. Some things, such as precious stones, are naturally scarce, but nothing can be more contrary to public policy than to create an artificial scarcity in order to create property. To give an author or his heirs or assignees the right to say how many copies of his books shall be issued, and what price shall be paid for them, and to pocket a moiety of the proceeds, is to create an artificial scarcity, "to limit that which is in its nature unlimited, and thereby to confer an exchangeable value on that which without such interference would be the gratuitous possession of mankind." Now, this is a very complete statement of the case from the point of view of mankind, but Sir Louis Mallet seems to have lost sight of one very material circumstance, the right of the poor author to the fruits of his toil. If all books were written by fairies while their reputed authors were asleep, Sir Louis Mallet's argument would be without a flaw. But, why should the produce of the author's labour become "the gratuitous possession of mankind" any more than the shoemaker's or the cottonspinner's? The truth is that the law of value is entirely beside the point in dispute. Before it can be applied to the case of copyright, we must postulate that the original manuscript of a book is as much a gift of nature as the air and the sunlight. The case of the authors is really very simple when it is not complicated by bewildered attempts to find analogies for copyright in such things as patents, monopolies, and the ownership of land. The principle under which they claim copyright is the fundamental principle of social union, that every member of the community should be protected against those who wish to steal the fruits of his honest toil, to enjoy what he has laboured to produce without paying him for it. Nothing could be simpler, and we are only multiplying words to darken knowledge when we try to make the plain fact clearer by analogies. The author's relation to his book as a marketable commodity is peculiar; there is no analogy for it to be drawn from any other trade or profession; but the simple fact is that he is robbed of the fruits of his labour, the work of his brain and his hands is stolen from him, if anybody who chooses may take his book and print it and sell it without paying anything to him. We say that the author and those whom he may choose to delegate should have the sole right of reproducing his book, because, whoever discovered printing and whatever may be the true law of value as determined by scarcity, if this right is denied to him, his labour goes for nothing, and his calling is proscribed—treated as if it were as contrary to public policy as coining or forgery.

Simultaneously with the issue of the Copyright Commissioners' Report, an international congress of literary men has been sitting at Paris, to consider whether any scheme of international copyright is feasible. Our Commissioners give as one reason for the change in the term of copyright which they propose that it would assimilate our copyright law more nearly to those prevailing on the Continent, and so make it easier to establish international copyright treaties. No doubt, if the law were uniform in every country, international compacts would be much facilitated; but the first thing to be done is to settle what the law ought to be. The claim to perpetuity of copyright is not advanced on this side of the channel only. M. Victor Hugo made a proposal in the Paris Congress, which has been received with considerable favour, that the copyright should belong to the author or his assignees during his lifetime, and that after his death any person should be at liberty to publish the work upon payment of a royalty, the maximum of which should be fixed. There is but one conceivable objection to this on grounds of public policy. M. Hugo's

plan entirely obviates the fear that the heirs of a great author would shut up his works from the public, a fear which might have been realised if, to choose the familiar instances, Shakespeare's plays had been inherited by a Puritan or Byron's poems by such a lady as his wife. But it might be said that the payment of a royalty in perpetuity would be adverse to the public interest in having cheap literature. It no doubt is true that modern works to which any copyright is attached, are practically inaccessible to the mass, except through the medium of circulating libraries. We doubt, however, whether authors are altogether responsible for this; a large share of the blame, we imagine, should be laid upon the shoulders of publishers. The word "Free Trade" has been freely mentioned in the discussion which has been raised by the publication of the Commissioners' Report. We should think that to apply the principle of Free Trade to the extent of allowing publishers to compete among themselves for public custom in the sale of a book upon payment of a royalty to the author, would be very efficacious in reducing the price of modern literature without resorting to such an extreme expedient as confiscating the author's labour for the public good. To seize upon a book as a gratuitous possession for mankind is a decidedly strong infringement of the rights of the individual for the benefit of the whole, in whatever generation it is performed. Some of our contemporaries, notably *The Times*, following Sir Louis Mallet, have written about the "value" of a book as if it were all conferred by the printer. It is true, that without the printer's aid the book would have very little "value" either for the author or for the public, unless a millionaire took a fancy to buy it up for his own exclusive pride and enjoyment, but in a less restricted sense of the word, the one thing which gives a book any "value" to the public, the one thing which makes them desire to read it, is the form in which the author has expressed his thoughts. Very few books are sought after, or are capable of being made valuable properties by any artificial means, thirty years after the author's death; the one thing which makes a book live is form, and this attribute comes from the author and from no other person or circumstance. There is no kind of produce so entirely dependent upon the labour of the individual producer as a book; no labourer, when his work is finished, is so completely entitled to call the result and to use it as his property. To take it from him, or from those to whom he may assign or bequeath it, without payment, is one of the most highhanded acts which a community can practise upon an individual member. We are certainly not dead to the importance of cheap literature, and we should, of course, be sorry to see any copyright law which put it in the power of any person to seclude a literary treasure for limited enjoyment, but it is another question whether cheap literature should be provided at the expense of isolated individuals and their heirs. Seeing that the few works which could be of any public service in the way of advancing general culture could be purchased at a comparatively trifling cost from the rightful owners, the necessity for seizing them as gratuitous possessions or heaven-sent windfalls is, to say the least of it, not clear. Whether M. Victor Hugo's plan would be of material service either to great authors or to their descendants, unless the questionable step were taken of making the copyright inalienable, may reasonably be doubted, but it is difficult to see what objection can be made to it on grounds of public policy.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The poet whose death was reported from America last week was a very old man, but his constitution was so robust and his health so regular that there seemed no reason to suppose that he was near his end. He believed that he would be a centenarian, and, but for a fatal imprudence, it is not impossible that he might have approached a hundred years. It is a proof of the strength of his hale old age that he was able to commit the act of indiscretion which brought his long life to a close. Not every man in his eighty-fourth year would or could stand for an honr, bareheaded, in a broiling sun, as Mr. Bryant did on the 29th of last month, at the unveiling of a bust of Mazzini. This exposure soon afterwards brought on a slight attack of apoplexy, in the trance of which he fell violently on the back of his head, so as to produce concussion of the brain, from which, it would appear, and not from the original disease, he died on the 12th inst. Most of the newspapers have given the salient points of the poet's life; we may briefly rehearse those which bear on his poetic career. William Cullen Bryant was born on the 3rd of November, 1794, at Cummington, Hampshire County, Massachusetts. His father, Mr. Peter Bryant, was a physician who took a deep interest in literature, and who from the first encouraged his son to be a poet. Bryant commemorates his father's enthusiasm in some touching lines:—

> For he is in the grave, who taught my youth
> The art of verse, and in the bud of life
> Offered me to the Muses.

The boy, indeed, in "the bud of life" showed an astonishing precocity. At the age of ten he printed his first verses, thus preceding Byron and Shelley in appealing to the public. In 1808 he published at Boston a little volume entitled 'The Embargo, a satire,' and containing, besides that poem, six other pieces, all completely dated. This was brought out before he entered his fourteenth year, and attracted a great deal of notice, attaining a second edition. The political poems are chiefly directed against Napoleon, in such heroic couplets as these, tolerably well turned for so young a child:—

> Oh heaven defend, as future seasons roll,
> These western climes from Bonaparte's control;
> Preserve our freedom and our rights secure,
> While truth subsists and virtue shall endure.

The other pieces are in the Laura-Matilda vein: Bryant very properly never reprinted any of these juvenile productions. He published no other book for thirteen years, meanwhile advancing with great rapidity in every sort of culture. As a youth of twenty-three he made a sensation in New York with his short piece of blank verse, entitled 'Thanatopsis,' and in 1821 he electrified American literary society by reciting 'The Ages' before the Phi-Beta-Kappa Society at Harvard. In the same year appeared a slender volume of 'Poems,' a booklet of only forty-four pages, which gave its author at once the rank of the greatest, and, for the time being, only American poet, Halleck and Dana being immediately to follow him. It is to be noted that Bryant became acquainted with the latter, now the most venerable writer of America, in 1817, and retained his friendship unbroken for more than sixty years. The 'Poems' of 1821 contained almost all by which Bryant is best known. It began with "The Ages," a poem in the Spenserian stanza, an optimistic survey of the progress of mankind, continued with the exquisite sylvan lyrics, "The Yellow Violet," "To a Waterfowl," and "Green River," and closed with "Thanatopsis," a noble reverie on death. In further publications the poet sustained but scarcely extended his reputation. In the volume of 1832 he presented the world with a very large number of pieces, of which none surpassed, and few equalled, the early masterpieces. In 1842 he rose to a higher level in 'The Fountain and other Poems,' but fell lower again in 'The White-footed Deer,' in 1844. In 1847 he still enlarged the collection of his pieces; in 1864 he published 'Thirty Poems;' in 1874, 'Among the Trees;' and in 1878 'The Flood of Years' completed the list of his poetical writings, which, however, are easily contained in a single volume.

As a journalist of more than fifty years' standing, and still in harness when he died, Mr. Bryant presented a strong contrast to himself as a poet. In the latter quality he showed no tendency to progress, and retained to the close of his life the traditions of his youth. But, if the poems of Mr. Bryant appear somewhat stiff and fossilized to us, we must not forget that in 1817 such a poem as "Thanatopsis," especially in America, was little short of a miracle. It is very curious to observe that all through his career Bryant was writing fragmentary pieces of blank verse which might have formed episodes in the unwritten epic of which "Thanatopsis" was a specimen. "Monument Mountain," "A Forest Hymn," "The Prairies," "The Fountain," and the two last works he published, all

belong to this section of his writings, and might be excerpts from some great "Excursion" of American poetry. This epic he never lived to write, but he never seems to have ceased to hope to write it. Judged by these passages, Bryant's treatment of blank verse is noticeable as a very severe and elevated strain, combining the naturalism of Wordsworth with something of the pompous fulness of Young. In describing the grander objects of natural beauty, he attains his nearest approach to passion. He is seldom more vivid or more picturesque than in these lines from "The Fountain:"—

Not such thou wert of yore, ere yet the axe
Had smitten the old woods. Then hoary trunks
Of oak and plane and hickory o'er thee held
A mighty canopy. When April winds
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush
Of scarlet flowers. The tulip-tree, high up,
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming-birds
And silken-wingéd insects of the sky.
Frail wood-plants clustered round thy edge in spring,
The liver-leaf put forth her sister blooms
Of faintest blue. Here the quick-footed wolf,
Passing to lap thy waters, crushed the flower
Of sanguinaria, from whose brittle stem
The red drops fell in blood. The deer, too, left
Her delicate footprint in the soft moist mould,
And on the fallen leaves. The slow-paced bear,
In such a sultry summer noon as this,
Stopped at thy stream, and drank, and leapt across.

In quality of verse this reminds us of a page of Akenside, but it is much more lucid and sincere in matter. The landscape is painted with a brush exquisitely fine and accurate, and wanting only breadth and sweep; we see plainly enough in every line that it is an American landscape, but we have not a hint of what is most characteristic in America—the vast tracts, the immense solitudes, the giant aspects of earth and heaven. These it was not the gift of Bryant to reproduce. Buried in a Massachusetts wood, he could light up the space of twenty feet around him with as divine an art as any man, but there is not in him a spark of that universality of genius which the United States demand in their typical poet.

In lyrical poetry he preserved the same subdued and scholarly characteristics, but with less sureness of hand. No one can sing the soft regrets of life more sweetly or fall more exquisitely into a reverie than Bryant. "To a Waterfowl" has been imitated a hundred times since its first appearance, but it has never lost its purity and charm. "The Yellow Violet" and "The Fringed Gentian" would scarcely have been written if Wordsworth had not addressed the Celandine, but they own little but suggestion of subject to the English poet. Wordsworth would have given an intenser, more surprising interpretation to the modest beauties of each flower; Bryant hardly reaches imagination, but expresses a mediocre fancy with the utmost perfection of grace. In such reveries on death as "June" he reaches a higher station, and there is one stanza in this latter poem which has hardly been surpassed in American literature:—

I know that I no more should see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

As the translator of the "Iliad" in 1870 and the "Odyssey" in 1871, Mr. Bryant gained considerable reputation; he was a very careful and finished prose-writer, as his interesting 'Letters of a Traveller,' issued in 1850, show no less plainly than his ceaseless contributions to periodical literature. We have heard a great deal within the present year of his care as an editor and his jealousy for the purity of the language. In this respect, whether as a prose writer or as a poet, he has exercised a great and beneficial influence. The bane of American literature is its slovenly laxity of language and its extravagance. In Mr. Bryant there existed a brilliant example of American scholarship and sobriety of style,

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MR. STANLEY'S EXPLORATIONS.

Through the Dark Continent; or, the Sources of the Nile, around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa, and Down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean. By Henry M. Stanley. Two vols. Maps and illustrations. London: Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.

[First Notice.]

Mr. Stanley's peculiarities as a man are so patent that his merits as an explorer are apt to be forgotten. He resents criticism, yet throws himself open to the critics, and while choosing the most public places for the display of his weaknesses considers himself injured when the world is not good natured enough to regard them as the mere mannerisms of a private individual. He is inclined throughout to ostentation and tall talk, being that not unobjectionable individual a Republican fond of titled names, and with a weakness for masquerading in Italian orders and other monarchical gew-gaws. His aptitude for writing is great, but the quality bears an indirect ratio to the quantity, being a little too much modelled after the literary style of the New York interviewers who report the opinions of Cassius T. Smith of the Fifth Congressional District of Arkansas on the Whisky Frauds in three columns of text and fifteen lines of "caption." Last of all, with every allowance for Mr. Stanley's peculiar position and training, "Candour compels us fur to admit" that Joe Gargery would have bracketed the "Discoverer of Livingstone" with Mr. Pumblechook as possessed of manners "given to blusterous." So long as Mr. Stanley chose to limit his record of the excellent work he has done to appearances at public dinners, and more or less public meetings, we had no right to "go behind the record" of his life, and were compelled to record the very unfavourable impression he made on the majority of his audience. It was almost a pity that he yielded to the pressure which was put upon him to forestall the official narrative of his discoveries by any public appearance. All that the world at large need have known had already been communicated to them through the columns of the journals of which Mr. Stanley was the "special commissioner." There was no startling novelty to be imparted; only curiosity as to the man's personal appearance to be gratified. And, as he rarely discussed geographical questions, or added one iota of information to what the great majority of the audience was already familiar with through the pages of many publications, he might fittingly have declined the opportunities for public oratory of which he has freely availed himself during the last few months.

Had he done so, his volumes would have come before the world without the unfortunate handicapping which the recollection of many unhappy speeches and other displays have weighted them with. For, we have no hesitation in saying that a perusal of these two noble volumes has resulted in giving us a better opinion of Mr. Stanley as a man and an explorer than that he seemed determined to impress upon a world which eschews exaggeration, loves modesty, and prefers the eloquence of deeds to that of words. This we may state with greater force than some of our contemporaries; for, unlike them, we were never eulogists of the young Cambro-American, and preferred, before characterising him as a "Second Columbus," to have before us some proof more positive than the often contradictory and obviously exaggerated narratives published in the *Daily Telegraph*. This we now possess. They at once stamp Mr. Stanley as an explorer, if not of the first rank, in as much as he does not possess the necessary scientific accomplishments of a thorough traveller, yet courageous, indefatigable, firm, rarely rash, though sometimes valuing the end to be gained more than the means through which it was to be gained, generous to the races through whose midst he travelled for more than thirty months, though implacable to those whom he considered had injured him, and, we must still think, unjustifiably imprudent, and even brutal in the method by which he thought to soothe the savage souls of the tribe whose name has of late been so often associated with his. On the Congo he also

slaughtered. But we are not inclined, after reading his account, to blame him so much for this unfortunate episode in his African travels. It is true that Baker, Cameron, Burton, Speke, and others—all soldiers or sailors—travelled through Africa without shedding blood. But it is just possible that Mr. Stanley was more unfortunately situated than they, and as he succeeded when they failed, it is not improbable that he did so in virtue of being less scrupulous about making Africa the "hell of future explorers." Be this as it may, it is only justice to Mr. Stanley to say that he accomplished a great work in exploring the Congo, almost from its source to that point where Tuckey's exploration had ended. His volumes form a very competent narrative of these travels and voyages. In them he has avoided the glaring errors of his previous books, and has completely atoned for the painful thoughtlessness which we were compelled to point out as characterising his first public appearance before the Geographical Society. The chief of these was the absence of any mention of his employer's name, and of the three companions who left England with him and—did not return. The book is dedicated to Messrs. J. M. Levy, Edward L. Lawson, J. G. Bennett, and Edwin Arnold. They have also rivers, mountains, and other geographical features dedicated to them. Considerable ingenuity is displayed in the arrangement of their names, for instance, the Mpanga River "takes its rise near the base of Mount Gordon-Bennett, and flowing a few miles to the east of the lofty hump of Mount Edwin Arnold is met by the Rusango River, flowing northward from Mount Lawson, in the district of Kibanga," and so on (vol. I., 432). The Pococks are also mentioned in the most grateful terms. They appear to have been most deserving young men, though Barker seemed to have no qualification save enthusiasm for the task on which he entered.

The book itself, though not deficient in instances of bad taste, is a vast improvement over 'How I found Livingstone.' It is, no doubt, diffuse and filled with matters which might well have been omitted, in order to give place to information of a more important description. It has, moreover, been very hastily compiled from the letters which appeared in the *New York Herald* and *Daily Telegraph*, and bears internal evidence that it was written *currente calamo*. Still it is an agreeable surprise to find that though Americanisms and the "interviewers'" instincts are still evident, the author does not now think it necessary when he dines at a private gentleman's house to tell the world all about the stuffing of his sofa, or the inferior quality of his wine. The language is often a little inflated, the use of the personal pronoun unnecessarily profuse, and "my three Englishmen and my five bull dogs" is a coupling that might have been avoided, while we suppose we must accept it as one of the eccentricities of Mr. Stanley that he thinks it necessary to devote many pages to what cannot interest or enlighten one reader, though it may contribute to the writer's vanity, that he has given us a list of the Societies of which he has been elected a member, and has reprinted the absurd little puffs which the *Daily Telegraph* or *Cape Times* bestowed on their enterprising colleague.

These are faults which he may correct in future editions, and they are faults which do not overshadow the undoubted merits of his well written, beautifully illustrated, and altogether most acceptable volumes. On land and water, from the time of his entering Africa on the East coast to his emerging from it on the West, Mr. Stanley travelled in all 7,158 miles. This journey conveniently falls into two portions. The first to Lake Tanganyika, or a little beyond it, was over a country not altogether unknown, and a good portion of it, indeed, over a track very familiar to us from the explorations of previous travellers — Mr. Stanley, himself, among the number. This is the route taken by the Arab slave and ivory traders, who are often absent from Zanzibar for many years. At Ujiji (Ugoy) they have a regular settlement, which may at some future period, perhaps nearer at hand than we suspect, grow into a large and flourishing Central African town. The journey to this point occupied the explorer from November 17th, 1874, to May 26th, 1876. But it must not be supposed that during the whole of this time he was occupied in travelling from Bagamoyo to Lake Tanganyika. The distance is in reality only about 700 miles. But he was continually delayed by war, by the desertion of his men, and by branch explorations which he made to various points in the vicinity of his route. For instance, he voyaged for 1,970 miles on the Victoria Nyanza, 811 miles on Lake Tanganyika, and made numerous other minor land and water journeys of greater or less importance. But it was at Nyangwé that Stanley's real explorations—that is to say, those for which future generations will give him the most credit—commenced. At Nyangwé, an Arab depot, both Livingstone and Cameron had stopped short, deterred by the hostility of the natives, or the difficulty of the country, and had either, as in Livingstone's case, returned, or, as in Cameron's, crossed the river, and taken a more southern land route to the West Coast. It is, therefore, this journey down the Congo, a river full of rapids, and flowing between banks peopled by hordes of the most incorrigible savages living, which forms the main feature of Mr. Stanley's work. The distance from the point where he embarked on the river to the Isangila falls where he left it was 1,436 miles, according to his calculation. This occupied from 22nd November, 1876, to 30th July, 1877. The rest of the journey, a matter of 120 miles, to the mouth of the Congo, which at the sea is seven miles broad, was through a comparatively civilised country, where he had the company of the Embomma merchants, who came out to meet him, and the use of a trading steamer. It would be impossible for us here to follow Mr. Stanley in the merest outline through the whole of these volumes. We may, however, note here and there a few facts for comment. We must protest against the alteration of the name of the Congo to the "Livingstone." If geographical points are to have their names altered at the whim of any person—just as the California "Big Trees" get new names as new popular heroes arise—geographical nomenclature will soon become so confused that it will be impossible to make any headway in the science. For nearly three hundred years the river has been called the Congo, or Kongo. At different times the names Zaire and Nzadi have also been applied to it, but they were never very generally used. Mr. Stanley, we believe, considers that he is justified in thus altering the name of a long-known river, without assigning any reason, because the "Continental geographers are willing that he should." We should particularly like to know who are the "Continental geographers" who thus demonstrate their entire ignorance of the laws of geographical nomenclature. All we know is, that the proposed change has met with the reprobation of every chartographer of any reputation; and we are convinced that if Livingstone had any voice in the matter he would have been the loudest in protesting against honouring him by confusing the vocabulary of the science which he did so much to advance. We had thought, from a very significant announcement in the *Publishers' Circular*, that Mr. Stanley had at last had the good sense to perceive the inadvisability of his proposal. In strict justice, perhaps, according to the law of "the priority of publication," the river ought to be the Rio de Padrao, for this was the name which Diego Cam, its discoverer, applied to it in 1484. In all probability, however, it will continue to be called the Congo, as it has been from the day when the Portuguese discovered that it flowed through the "empire" of that name.

Mr. Stanley seems to have an immense facility for picking up languages—something, indeed, akin to the "gift of tongues," for, from the familiar way in which he conversed with this or that "Emperor," "King," "general," "admiral," "colonel," "major," "captain," and "sergeant"—as, with amusing transatlantic love of titles, he gravely styles certain sable *sansculottes* he came in contact with—he would seem to have lisped in dictionaries. He speaks of making a translation of the Bible for Mtessa. This "Emperor" of Uganda, the youthful ruffian of whom Speke and Grant gave such an unflattering description, Mr. Stanley declares is now quite a changed character, but from recent accounts, and even from the facts which he himself incidentally relates (Vol I., pp. 335, 336), we fear that his conversion to Mohammedanism, or even Mr. Stanley's religious discourses, have not greatly improved him. We also regret to find that Mr. Stanley, at an early stage of his intercourse with this King with a taste for changing his faith, took advan-

tage of his position to stir up religious strife in Uganda by telling the people that Mahommed was a liar, and so forth. The result, however, of Mr. Stanley's admiration of Mtessa —"his conversion" if it so pleases him—has been the establishment of a "mission" on the Lake, with what misfortune the recent lamentable events have familiarised most people. At King Mtessa's "Court" Mr. Stanley met a white gentleman, to whom, as if to bear out the *fond de verité* of the old satire, he did not speak "because he had not been introduced." The stranger turned out to be Colonel De Bellefonds (Linant Bey) of Gordon Pasha's expedition. In the company of this gallant gentleman Mr. Stanley seems to have enjoyed himself amazingly. They had some religious conversations and many good dinners. They ate "French beans and olive oil, various potted meats of Paris brand, *pâtés de foie gras* and Bologna sausage, sardines, and Marseilles biscuit," and other triumphs of the French cook and *patissier*, though Mr. Stanley does not fail to let us know that Colonel De Bellefonds was not nearly thought so much of by the Waganda as he was. But Linant Bey is no more; so the world will never hear the other side of the tale.

MODERN FRENCHMEN.

Modern Frenchmen. Five Biographies. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

We are certainly on the crest of a wave of critical appreciation which is hurling us into the arms of our neighbours across the Channel. No longer perfidious, no longer even insular, Albion is hastening to prove that she has a devoted sympathy for and not a little knowledge of the long-misjudged peculiarities of the French nation. Several of our best periodicals are just now habitually occupied with studies of French literature; it is only a few weeks since Mr. James's excellent 'Poets and Novelists' came under our review. The present volume, by Mr. Hamerton, takes even more prominently the part of the interpreter and the peace-maker than Mr. Saintsbury's critical articles or Mr. James's studies have done. For the American essayist writes from the point of view of admiring contemplation, and the English reviewer is interpenetrated with delight at the literary skill of the writers he surveys, but neither has the affectionate air with which Mr. Hamerton writes to his countrymen about the people of his adoption. This, it seems to us, gives its peculiar colour to his book; he lives among Frenchmen, his house, his friends, his domestic surroundings are French, and from the interior of that deep intimacy he speaks not merely with authority but with special persuasiveness. It seems sometimes as though not any particular charm about the persons of whom he writes had imperatively drawn him to discuss their careers, but the intolerable annoyance of hearing France and Frenchmen ignorantly misjudged by English people. He has taken the lives of five typical men of our century, all well-known in France, but, with one exception, not yet hackneyed out of it, and each remarkable for heroism of purpose and tenacity of will. He hears Frenchmen spoken of as inferior to ourselves in physical endurance, and genius for exploration and colonisation, and he is fired to recount the life of such a model traveller as Victor Jacquemont. People discuss the peculiar sweetness and devotion of the best sort of English clergyman as the unique creation of the Anglican church. This frets Mr. Hamerton, and he recounts how pure, how single-minded and how evangelical Perreyve could be. All through his book, we feel that he has consciously taken up the task of international conciliation, and desires to clear away as far as possible the illusions that prevent a translucent medium of sympathy from stretching between France and England.

This is quite a novel habit of mind, and one which was scarcely possible, as a national thing, as long as the Second Empire lasted. Between the Imperial system of bureaucracy and English liberty no sort of intelligent sympathy could exist, however lovingly the British trader might look to Napoleon III. as his natural protector and ally. But mutual suspicion of the two nations dated much further back than the *Coup d'Etat*. The wars of the Revolution and the Consulate left behind them an implacable personal hatred, which found its expression even in the calm fields of the *belles lettres*. The intense scorn of such great men as Landor and Wordsworth for everything French, for Gallic philosophy and Gallic poetry, for the Parisian character no less than for the landscape of France, is only to be accounted for in its extreme injustice by the rankling of the fresh wounds of war. That all Frenchmen were frothy and frivolous, that all French verse was wooden, that the French soldier knew nothing of duty, but fought only for glory, that the French woman had no object in life but to charm some other man than her husband, these became, and still are in some quarters, axioms which it would have been gravely revolutionary and almost impious to question. Against such injustice to a brave, frugal, and ardent people Mr. Hamerton fights, and, if he sees the country in which he has made his home under some measure of rose-colour, we can easily pardon him. It is marvellous how much is done to increase international amity by such good-natured studies, and to attain this end seems a worthier aim than to lash our neighbours into a rage by such malicious sketches as give piquancy to 'German Home Life' and 'Saxon Studies,' books the cleverness of which is far outweighed by their mischievous tendency.

Mr. Hamerton's five modern Frenchmen are Jacquemont, Perreyve, Rude, Ampère, and Regnault, all men of great energy and intelligence, but otherwise with scarcely a feature in common. Victor Jacquemont was a young man who, in the beginning of the present century, went out to India on a scientific expedition for the Jardin des Plantes. He made magnificent explorations in the Himalayas, fell in at last with the most interesting Oriental potentate of that day, Runjeet Singh, and was treated by him with the most gorgeous hospitality and offered the Vice-Royalty of Cashmere. This he did not accept, but he took advantage of Runjeet's goodwill to explore Cashmere, a district hardly known hitherto to European naturalists. In this part of his career the young Frenchman enjoyed an almost fabulous reputation, moving through the provinces like a prince, and heralded everywhere as a "high and puissant seigneur victorious in battle." In the midst of his scientific successes, he fell a victim to his intense application, dying of an abscess of the liver brought on while making geological explorations in the malarious island of Salvette, at the age of only thirty-one. As a contrast to this picturesque and vivid career, we have next presented to us that of Henri Perreyve, a young republican priest, who fell under the influence of Lacordaire, and who developed a singularly brilliant and moving gift of eloquence. Nothing could be more unassuming and modest than the events of his life, although his extraordinary talents and zeal forced him at last into notice. He fought against a disease of the lungs as bravely and as hopelessly as Jacquemont struggled against the disabilities of a tropical climate, but he fell before it at last, in his thirty-fifth year. Next, we meet with the sculptor, François Rude, a noble type of independence and stoical indifference to the mere glitter of life, as well as an artist of the first class. Rude, who is too little known on this side of the Channel, was born in 1784, the son of a blacksmith of Dijon, and, by slow degrees, supported by an indomitable courage, worked his way up until he was universally acknowledged to be the greatest sculptor of France. It was he who delivered that celebrated definition, which we are a little surprised to find that Mr. Hamerton does not quote, of the human body as "*un squelette dont les muscles sont l'ornement.*" He was the master of Carpeaux and all the best sculptors of the modern realistic school. He died in 1855, just after receiving the greatest honour that Europe could show to an artist, the first of the four great medals of honour awarded by the international jury of the Exhibition. But, quite beyond his genius and his fame, immense as they were, rose the antique severity and unblemished rectitude of his character, and Mr. Hamerton succeeds in presenting us with a most winning portrait of a man both great and good by relating a few of the main acts of Rude's courage and unselfishness. The last study in the volume is that of Henri Regnault, the painter, and this forms a striking pendant in the brevity and intensity of the career it describes to Rude's slow and deliberate mode of living. Regnault, like Marlowe

with whom he had very considerable spiritual relationship, as if foredoomed to a short life, put into his few years the concentrated fire and passion of a long one. He belongs entirely to our own time; he has the ardours, the feverish ambitions, the very limitations of a mind that is intensely in sympathy with our impatient and sensation-loving age. He was born in 1843, the son of the famous chemist, Victor Regnault, who died early this year; he died on the 19th of January, 1871, in his twenty-eighth year, shot down in defending Paris against the Germans. Of all the direct victims of that terrible war, he was, perhaps, the one whose loss was most vehemently regretted, for he was universally beloved, and one of the most gifted of French artists, just setting out on a magnificent career.

There is yet one other study in Mr. Hamerton's book, that on Jean Jacques Ampère. We have not spoken of this in the same terms as the others, because we have found it inferior to them. We are beginning, be it confessed, to be a little tired of Ampère. It is only a few weeks since Mr. Henry James told precisely the same story in his 'French Poets and Novelists;" and, this being the case, we think Mr. Hamerton, with his wide acquaintance with modern Frenchmen, might have selected another and less hackneyed type. The sentimentalities of Ampère's love-making are less familiar to the French, who do not possess a Miss Yonge, than they are to us, and it is difficult to have patience with the platonic passages in which the excellent Jean Jacques tells his troubles to Madame Recamier "as a schoolboy tells his mamma." Moreover, Mr. Hamerton is really not at his best in this portion of his book; he is mannered, he repeats himself; and, in fact, it is wonderful that so bright and fresh a writer can become so dull as he does in describing Ampère. But, of his studies on Jacquemont, Rude, and Regnault, it is difficult to say which is the most competent, readable, and enjoyable; all three introduce us in the pleasantest fashion to men whose very contemplation seems to invigorate and elevate the intelligence. Mr. Hamerton may claim the praise of having written a book which it will do everybody good to read.

CALIBAN.

Caliban. Suite de la Tempête. Drame Philosophique. Par Ernest Renan. Paris: Calmann Levy.

A continuation to one of Shakespeare's plays. The idea has at least the merit of novelty. Tupper wrote a conclusion to Coleridge's 'Christabel;' Reynolds carried on the adventures of Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller; many writers have undertaken sequels to 'Don Juan;' but, as far as we are aware, the attempt to continue Shakespeare has but few rivals in literature. Douglas Jerrold has, indeed, discoursed to us very sweetly and sadly of the death of good Sir Hugh Evans, and of his epitaph, "There's pippins and cheese to come," but to carry on the fortunes of a whole set of Shakespearean characters was a freak reserved for a French philosopher. M. Renan is best known to the world as a relentless iconoclast, so when he pulls the cap and bells over his doctor's barret he is indeed translated, for the conclusion to "The Tempest" is a satire, to our thinking, but moderately successful. The bare idea of developing the fate of the people in "The Tempest," or giving them any fresh treatment, can scarcely be considered original, for Mr. Browning, in a poem, and the late Robert Brough, in a burlesque, long ago took away the freshness from the monster of Setebos as a vehicle for philosophical digressions or comic interpretation. The humour which M. Renan seeks to educe from his strange experiment is somewhat of the simplest. Caliban is a type of the people, of the *prolétaire*, of democracy, of communism, or any other "ism" that expresses discontent with things as they are. He is loud and bitter in his dissatisfaction with Prospero's treatment of him and stirs up a revolution against his dreamy lord; but, when once he gets into power and assumes the reins of government, he adopts just the same principles as those of his defeated predecessor. This form of fable has been so long a favourite, and has been in so much request of late from "Rabagas" to "Lord Bantam," that we cannot but think that some special merit is needed in order to render its repetition attractive. This special merit M. Renan's 'Caliban' can scarcely be said to possess. It is, of course, admirably written—almost too admirably written; for M. Renan seems to have been painfully aware that the eyes of the world would be turned upon him in his new capacity as jester, and therefore has done his level best, as they say in the States, to be brilliant, the result being that his work has the appearance of over-elaboration and of straining after effect. It is clever, carefully clever, but it is scarcely interesting; it fails to amuse, and the edge of its satire is not very trenchant.

Its lesson, or perhaps it were wiser to say its most apparent lesson, is that democracy is a brutal sham, that, in fact, John Stuart Mill's famous saying, that some men were democrats because they could not be lords, is as true of all democrats as of a certain few. But, regarded apart from its theories, M. Renan's little play is pleasant enough. A great man *en robe de chambre* is always an interesting sight, and in 'Caliban' we feel that we have the arch heretic, the commentator of Averroes,

> Who the great comment made

in very considerable *déshabille;* and we ought to be satisfied to find that even M. Renan has his weaknesses. 'Caliban' was written, M. Renan tells us, "some months ago at Ischia, in the morning, when the vines were covered with dew, and when the sea was like a whitish silk. The philosophy which belongs to these hours of repose is that of the grasshoppers and the larks, who have never, I fancy, doubted that the light of the sun is a very agreeable thing, life an excellent gift, and the land of the living a very agreeable sojourn." In this cheery before-breakfast mood of mind and body M. Renan felt himself called upon to abandon for the nonce his graver studies; to allow a little leisurely dust to settle upon his familiar books while he amused himself by writing a playful continuation to Shakespeare with a pessimistic moral attached. For Caliban himself we do not greatly care—not because he, like all the other characters, has no nearer kinship with Shakespeare's creation than the similarity of name, but because, taken by himself, he is neither entertaining nor instructive. We are inclined to say of him, with Mr. Browning's Ogniben, that we have seen five-and-twenty leaders of revolution. Prospero and Ariel are not much happier, for we are left in an uncertain state of mind as to whether the author intended them to be admired or to appear ridiculous: the result might be made to support either argument. Ferdinand and Miranda have disappeared from the tissue of the history, Stephano has gone and all the old foes of Prospero with him, Trinculo remains a shadow of his former self, and Gonzalo becomes the type of a prudent minister. But it is in the minor characters of M. Renan's own invention—the "supers" and walking gentlemen whom he has introduced to aid the action, and play a sort of chorus to the piece—that M. Renan, the dramatist, is most fortunate. The shifting and changing groups who stray through the ducal gardens in the second act, the throng of courtiers and courtesans, of fair women and brave men whom Prospero has bidden to a *fête*, are treated with a firmness of touch and strength of execution which give marked evidence of dramatic power and capability; while a certain quality which may perhaps be best described as picturesqueness of feeling gives to the assemblage a distinct sense of reality and infuses the scene with life and vivid colour. Italian gardens like the Boboli at Florence rise up before the reader, peopled with gay crowds of men and women clad in a medley of quaint costumes of any date or fashion, from the *Renaissance* downwards; crowds who sway and shift, and chat and jest, and part and meet again while the air is noisy with fantastic music; the whole resembling nothing so much as one of Callot's crowded canvases or an eighteenth century drawing room, where Diderot and Laclos, Richelieu and the Jean-Jacquerie might be found pell-mell together. For this scene in especial 'Caliban' is worth reading. But even here the brilliant speeches have a somewhat faded air of old acquaintanceship, the theories propounded whether in jest or earnest seem stale, and the reflections a trifle too obvious. Hear Imperia, the beautiful courtesan, discourse upon the butterfly:—

> All is ephemeral. but the ephemeral is sometimes divine. Behold the

butterfly; it is less a separate animal than the offshoot of another animal. The butterfly is an age of the grub as the flower is a passing moment of the plant. A creature little gifted in appearance, little enriched with life and consciousness, condemned you might say to represent nothing in nature but an ugly and pale existence, to number and occupy one of the spaces of the infinite ladder, awakens suddenly; the heavy, crawling insect becomes winged, ideal. Its life is all aerial; from a being of earth full of gross humours it becomes guest of the air and child of the day. What has worked this wonder? Love. The butterfly is the period of love. Marvel no more if it thus expands its wings, if it caresses each flower, if it pursue here and there its joyous caprice. All is gold to its eyes, all swims for it in that burning atmosphere which makes the beauty of things. Happy being! It expands at its due time, it casts off its heavy robe of mud, it is intoxicated, it lives for some moments the most celestial of lives; then it dies. It has only flourished to die. As soon as it has been able to quench its thirst, as soon as it has drunk its full cup of joy, it withers away. Happy being! To it to love is to live, to have loved is to die. I do not doubt that during this short space there is condensed into the consciousness of this little being so much pleasure that its fugitive life is superior to that of more powerful creatures, and far surpasses in value that of the great majority of men.

This is very charmingly written, but we feel inclined to say, with the old "World," "it's very pretty, but we've seen it before." So with the description of the cultus of mere beauty, whose influence is at all times so powerful to some. So with the scene in the public place where the people begin to rise, in an indignation of unreason, against Prospero; so with the scene of Caliban's final triumph; all are admirably done, but all arouse the same reflections of familiarity. The soliloquy of the Prior of the Chartreuse which practically concludes the play may perhaps be considered as a confession of faith:—

The world, which I have done well to quit, is an eternal illusion, a comedy composed of acts without end. That which has just happened proves what I have always perceived, and which nobody would believe, that Caliban was susceptible of making progress. Yes, all civilisation is the work of aristocrats. It is aristocracy which has made grammatical language (what beatings were necessary in order to make grammar obligatory), laws, morality, and reason. It is aristocracy which has disciplined the inferior races, whether by subjecting them to the hardest treatment, or in terrifying them by superstitious beliefs. The inferior races, such as the emancipated negro, show at first a monstrous ingratitude towards their civilisers; when they succeed in shaking off their yoke, they treat them as tyrants, as taskmasters, as impostors. Narrow Conservatives dream of efforts to regain the power that has escaped from them. More enlightened men accept the new *régime*, reserving nothing to themselves save the right to some inconsequential pleasantries. At bottom, eternal reason comes to light by means the most opposed in appearance. The budget of Caliban will be worth more, perhaps, for people of intellect than the budget of Mecenas. Well combed, well washed, Caliban will become very presentable. There will be one day, perhaps, medals to Caliban, "Protector of Sciences, of Letters, of Arts." Prospero may live at least some time under such a rule, and he has even a chance of again getting the guidance. For that prudence is necessary, for the democracy is jealous and suspicious. But by being modest, and concealing one's cards, one does many things. As for the extreme delicacy of tender souls, moved by a personal sentiment of fidelity, it has no longer a place in such a state of the world. Such souls have nothing to do but die. 'I have always loved justice and hated iniquity' said a great Pope. One can always love justice, but to hate iniquity is more easy to say than to do. Where is iniquity? The best spirits are worn out in seeking it, and in the end are much embarrassed.

The chief impression that 'Caliban' has left on us is that M. Renan began with the intention of being humorous and satirical—it is said at the expense of a prominent politician—but that as he proceeded and got absorbed in his work old habitudes grew too strong for him, and he became serious in spite of himself, so that in the end he was left a little uncertain as to whether he had intended to be sober or jocose, had succeeded in being clerk or jig-maker. Perhaps M. Renan took a delight in his work because it lay outside the track of his ordinary efforts, and appeared to him to be very novel indeed, but he will certainly succeed in puzzling the greater portion of his readers by a production which is too trite for a *jeu d'esprit* and too flippant for a sermon. He might have concluded 'Caliban' with Jean Paul Richter's saying, as interpreted by Hans Breitmann—

Gott knows, I had some meaning when first this book I writ,
But only Gott weiss what it is, for I have forgotten it.

GOLD AND SILVER.

A Handbook on Gold and Silver. By an Indian Official. London: Longman, Green, and Co.

Mr. Hollingbery—for he will be recognised at once in spite of his anonymity—has produced one of the most useful of existing works on the Silver question, and a good many other questions besides. The title conveys but an incomplete idea of the variety of its contents. More than half of the volume is devoted to a series of most valuable appendices, in several of which are discussed the general topics of prices, wages, the trade of England with India, the cotton industry of the United Kingdom, wheat and the prospects of British agriculture; while others, on the production of the precious metals, the currencies of various countries and national indebtedness and mercantile credit, are more especially intended to elucidate the main theme of the work. The book, in short, furnishes the student with the landmarks in the history of the marvellous expansion in commerce and financing which has taken place since the year 1848—a period during which, as it is calculated, the world has grown richer by 450 millions of gold and silver extracted from California and Australia alone, while, however, it has increased its indebtedness by about thirteen times that sum. The bare contemplation of the latter fact has tempted Mr. Hollingbery to speculate for a moment on the pernicious influence of the modern art of financing upon politics. It has, he says, enabled ambitious and reckless monarchs to turn their dominions into armed barracks, and "deluded peaceful industry into making bloated armaments and military lines of railway." Worst of all, it is the English financiers who "in this nineteenth century have rendered possible an irruption of the barbarians, by lending freely abroad the capital which should have cherished industry and agriculture at home," thus rendering England "powerless to obtain a general disarmament, which the spirit of the England of 1815 could have secured." This, of course, is somewhat overdrawn; and it may occur to most readers to ask whether the English money-lender was responsible for the bloated armaments and the recent war of France and Germany. Abroad, as well as at home, English capital has been abused in misdirected industries, some effects of which, no doubt, are just as melancholy as those of war. As regards England, Mr. Hollingbery would provide for them by the demonetisation of Indian silver; by increasing the efficiency of the British workman through the suppression of drunkenness; and by a revision of the land laws. Free trade in land, if that is what he means, would no doubt lead to an agricultural absorption of much of the capital now lost in manufactures and industries. As for the second remedy, it would, perhaps, have been more to the point to recommend the British workman to emulate the application and inventiveness of the American, who is gaining upon him in the industrial race. As for the first measure, even though it might suit the convenience of England, it is not proved to be that of which India herself stands in most immediate need.

Our author's argument is that an international trade demands "international money;" and he illustrates it by an interesting extract from Professor Senior's lecture on the "Transmission of the Precious Metals from one Country to another." His suggestions on the method of demonetising Indian silver may be summarised as follows:—

In changing from the silver to the gold standard, a relative value between the metals must be adopted for translating into expressions in gold value obligations which are now expressed in silver value. The relative value of 15½ to 1 exists in the currencies of the Latin Union and of Spain; it was adopted for Germany for the transition to a gold standard because, as stated in the German Coinage Act of 1871, that was what is considered the usual ratio between the two metals. The recent great and sudden depreciation of silver, too, took its departure from substantially this relative value; and, in measures for correcting the injurious effects of the depreciation of silver, necessarily this valuation should be restored. To whatever extent a relative value worse than 15½ may be adopted for effecting the transition, to that extent the measure would be abortive, from its perpetuating the injurious consequences of the depreciation. If, for instance, the transition were to be effected in India at a price, for silver, of 53*d*. per ounce, which gives a relative value of 17·99 to 1, because that may happen to be the price at the time of conversion from a silver to a gold standard, it would for all time continue a very serious and unnecessary additional charge upon the

Indian revenues, which would involve a corresponding amount of additional taxation. This extra taxation would only pile up agony for those whom the depreciation of silver had already injured. The Government of India is entitled, fully as much as Germany or Holland, or as England in the past, to correct a depreciation of the metallic currency which it had no hand in bringing about, and which is yet of recent origin. By converting at a worse rate than 15½ to 1 the Government would fling away an advantage which Parliament, in its responsibility for the administration of India, should have secured for the country when silver began to depreciate.

The next step, says the writer, would be to stop the coinage of silver. Nor would it be necessary, he continues, to declare the gold coins legal tender at the outset; they might be freely received by the Government "in payment of revenue, in the courts, and on railways." The exchange, also, would gradually rise, and, "when it had arisen sufficiently to allow of the importation of gold, this metal would be imported and coined, the Government receiving it freely in its treasuries." And, even if this cautious experiment should prove inexpedient, the gold coinage could be stopped, and that of silver resumed, "for the issued gold could be withdrawn without loss, since any and every country in Europe would willingly receive it."

Such is the outline of a scheme which has been defended and condemned scores of times over in the Indian papers. But, however plausibly it may sound, it is evident that its realisation would be an extremely slow process. Notwithstanding Mr. Hollingbery's strictures, the late Mr. Walter Bagehot's small-change doctrine of the Indian currency seems in the main sound. The daily business transactions of the vast bulk of the people are conducted on the minutest scale—transactions "for which the smallest gold coin that can be safely and conveniently used is very many times too great." The rupee is divided into 182 pies, each of which may be changed into a considerable number of cowries, for a few of which, even in the city of Calcutta, one may buy a spoonful of salt or a pinch of pepper! Gold coins among a poor population, if not quite so poor as the pepper-buyer, would be a rather inconvenient medium of exchange. The silver pieces of four, eight, and sixteen annas serve their purpose better. Of course there are many large transactions, capable of being managed with infinitely greater convenience in the dearer metal; but the question is, whether they would be sufficiently numerous and large to effect a permanent improvement in the exchange. Mr. Hollingbery thinks they would; but if not, the world must for some time be content to accept Mr. Bagehot's assertion that India and the East are the sphere of the silver currency, as the west is of gold. Our author's analogies are scarcely to the point; for, though the aggregate trade of Scandinavia may be smaller than that of India, it cannot be said that the everyday individual operations are on the minute scale of those of India. And Japan, it is urged, has adopted a gold standard; but her new standard will benefit Japan very little until she has first addressed herself to the task of developing her rich but hitherto idle resources. This consideration applies likewise to the case of India. What India immediately wants is the development of her agricultural and mineral wealth, and the inauguration and extension of the numberless manufacturing industries for which she is so well adapted. In this way the country would gradually absorb the overflow of silver from the West; and, with the progress of her new industries, the adoption of a gold coinage would follow naturally. This progress would also affect the relation in the values of gold and silver in another very important way. India would become less dependent upon Europe for her supply of stores, and therefore some of her home-charges, with their losses by exchange, would diminish in proportion. Nor is India the only Oriental country to which the same considerations are applicable; and Persia, Burmah, and China offer boundless, though hitherto unopened fields for the employment of the depreciated metal.

MINE IS THINE.

Mine is Thine. A Novel. By Lawrence W. M. Lockhart. Three Vols. W. Blackwood and Sons.

A novelist of a humorous turn very often does his best in his first effort. Even if he has not exhausted his stock of humorous characters or his fund of humorous ideas there is a freshness about the first fruits of his pen which he can seldom succeed in reproducing. The skill which comes of practice is often gained with the penalty of self-consciousness and constraint. Great as is the stimulus of success there would be a certain advantage for many temperaments in never knowing that they had succeeded. To praise a child for any precocious faculty or personal grace is a sure way to deprive it of its charm; and men are but children of a larger growth. When all has been said that can be said about nipping genius in the bud the fact remains that literature has lost at least as much by cordial recognition as by stupid indifference. With all his enormous resources Dickens never equalled the rich humour of the 'Pickwick Papers,' which he poured forth in happy unconsciousness before self-confidence had been superseded by the unanimous applause of the reading world, and his standard of excellence had been removed outside himself. The most perfect of "George Eliot's" works is 'Adam Bede,' which she wrote when she was in the expectancy and without the fear of fame. It is not that the faculty decays, but that its movements are no longer free and unembarrassed. The youthful aspirant in literature has more to fear from his friends than from his enemies. His prayer should be to be delivered from the hands of favourable reviewers.

Colonel Lockhart is not now a beginner in novel writing, so that we need not disguise the pleasure with which we have read his last production from any fear of stopping the supply. He has had no inconsiderable share of praise, but he has passed through the ordeal unscathed. 'Mine is Thine,' so far from being a falling off from his previous works, is an advance upon them. Profiting by experience and exercise, Colonel Lockhart has knit the parts of his story more firmly together; and the qualities which made 'Fair to See' so enjoyable—the fresh exuberant humour, the firm grasp of character, the unaffected sympathy with romantic passion, the exhilarating description of life in the open air, show no signs of having lost their edge. His hand has gained in cunning, and none of his natural force is abated. At the beginning of the third volume, one almost wishes that Colonel Lockhart had been content to wind up the story in two volumes. He begins there to raise a suspicion that the remainder of the novel is to be a political treatise, consisting mainly of an exposition of the principles of moderate Conservatism in which his hero found a career. Even if we had not had little sympathy with the creed expounded, we imagine we should have looked upon this plunge into politics in a novel of which the main interest is not political, as an unprofitable deviation. But the dull interval does not last long; after some chapters of commonplace, when the reader feels inclined to throw down the book as containing no incident that he could not guess without reading it and no reflection that he has not heard before, a new subject of interest is suddenly started, and curiosity is kept on the alert and the sense of humour agreeably titillated to the end.

The outline of Colonel Lockhart's novel, the case of a young man, a sort of Coningsby or Lothair with a well marked difference, crossed in love for a woman framed not merely to make him happy, but to foster all that is noble in his aspirations, is so simple that it would serve no purpose to repeat it. Of course the ending is happy, and Colonel Lockhart does not spoil enjoyment of the humorous episodes with which the story is diversified by the sensational trick of leading us to expect that it will end otherwise than it does. He is stronger in the art of description than in the art of story-telling, pure and simple. Some of his characters are admirably drawn. We do not know where else can be found so complete a portrait of the gentleman loafer as Tom Wyedale, a young man with no patrimony but his wits and a rooted aversion to employing this patrimony in any kind or shape of work, who lives upon his friends and borrows money and fishes for invitations with an effrontery as cool as Falstaff's, but who is so imperturbably good-humoured with it all that we can no more help liking him than we can help liking Falstaff himself. Tom has a sister married to a plutocrat member of parliament, Mr. Ravenhall. Mrs. Ravenhall can get little help for her scapegrace brother from her husband, who buttons up his coat impatiently at the most

distant allusion to a loan; but though a keen woman of the world she is not without sisterly affection, and she not only helps Tom occasionally from her private purse, but forms a grand scheme for at once placing him on firm ground for the remainder of his life and gratifying her own consummate talents for intrigue by making a match between him and Miss Douglas, the only child of Lord Germistoune, a Scotch peer with an income of 20,000*l.* a year in land. The prosecution of this scheme forms the side-plot of the novel, Miss Douglas being the heroine who, by her own personal charms and not by the magic of her rent-roll, has captivated the heart of the hero, Cosmo Glencairn. Nothing could be more humorous than Colonel Lockhart's account of Tom's backward wooing, and the determined wiles of his match-making sister, whose scheme he assents to only as a temporary means of obtaining loans from her. Tom has no liking for marriage even as a relief from thickening embarrassments, but he observes Mrs. Ravenhall's directions to the extent of trying to look grave and serious in Miss Douglas's presence when his sister's eye is upon him, and gives her most rose-coloured accounts of his progress in the young lady's affections. Alike in the dialogues between Tom and Miss Douglas, and the interviews between him and his sister when she questions him as to what he said and how Miss Douglas looked, Colonel Lockhart overflows with humour. For example, in one of Tom's talks with the lady to whom he is supposed to be making love, but whom he amuses with sporting reminiscences and interests greatly to the detriment of his sister's scheme with anecdotes about his friend Glencairn, Miss Douglas asks whether Mr. Glencairn is a good shot, and the dialogue proceeds as follows:—

"Excellent. He does everything he *does* do well."

"I suppose he is always in earnest about everything he does?"

"That's the secret, perhaps. It would bore me, now, to be in earnest about anything, except, of course, sport, and" (observing his sister's suggestive eye upon him)—"and, of course, one or two other serious matters."

Esmè laughed. "I wonder," she said, "what you would rank with sport as serious matters?"

"Hang it!" thought Tom, "she's laughing at me; I'm on the wrong tack somehow"—but he jerked out a sentence to the effect that "for every man there is something sacred and serious," and then remembering immortal Mr. Guppy and his refrain, "There *are* chords," had well nigh broken down.

"So that you *have* profited by Mr. Glencairn's society; you are not altogether an unworthy disciple," laughed Esmè.

"Disciple? God forbid! I'm not a disciple at all. I wouldn't go in for Glencairn's line of business for the world. Life is too short."

"Still for every man there is something sacred and serious—you are convinced of that?" said Esmè, with profound gravity.

"Oh, of course I am, and—and—all that kind of thing, you know." Then their eyes met, and they both went off into hearty fits of laughter.

"I have always understood," thought Tom, "that if a woman once laughs at you, you may as well cry 'off' at once, and throw up the sponge. Now, this girl *is* laughing at me—and small blame to her; and I feel that, if I were ever so much in love with her, I couldn't get on the proper tack—not to-day, at least. I suspect after dinner would be my only chance. I believe moonlight has a wonderful effect upon the female nature; and dry champagne (in sufficient quantities) has almost made *me* sentimental once or twice. Yes, I *must* try it some other time, under more favourable circumstances. At present I can't score, that's clear." Then, seeing his sister cross the room, he rose and said, "I must go and sound Lord Germistoune about the punts." And thus ended the first scene of Tom's little drama, "L'Amoureux malgré lui."

An equally hearty explosion of laughter is the issue of the formal proposal to which Tom is at last forced by his sister to commit himself.

We wish we had space to quote some specimens of Mrs. Ravenhall's difficulties in managing Lord Germistoune, the skill with which she surmounted them, and the misadventures which now and then upset her best laid schemes. Lord Germistoune is a most laughable caricature of an aggressive titled autocrat of the old school, as open as a child to Mrs. Ravenhall's flattering wiles, but brooking no overt contradiction, keen-scented as a vulture to any attack upon his dignity, and charged to the muzzle with strong language against every manifestation of the modern spirit. His own account of his treatment of a remonstrance made to him by some of his farmer tenants on the subject of game will serve as an illustration of the man:—

"As I was saying, these Lowland farmers are the most confounded fellows in Europe. I'll tell you what they are; they're Communists—that's what they are. The last time I was at Fernichall—my place in the Lowlands—two of these pirates came to me 'to remonstrate,' as they said, about the state of the game.

"'I presume you mean rabbits?' I said.

"'Rabbits, hares, and winged game too, particularly wood-pigeons,' they answered.

"'Well,' I said, 'why don't you add crows, magpies, and sparrows, and slugs, and snails, and everything that eats anything on a farm? But what *do* you want?

"They said that their crops were being eaten, and they wanted the game to be killed down to a reasonable limit. I told them that the game *was* within a fair limit, and not more than enough for the sport which I had a right to expect for myself and my friends, on my estate, which, I begged to remind them, was my own.

"'But our crops are being eaten,' they said.

"'And so they ought to be,' I replied, 'in a fair proportion.'

"'Game,' I then explained to them, 'is placed on a property by Divine Providence—just as wind blows on it, sun shines on it, rain and hail fall upon it, by the decree of Providence. The crops suffer a little from all these things, by the decree of Providence—and, by the same decree, the game eats the crops in a fair proportion. Great heavens!' I said, 'are you going to fly in the face of Providence?'

"They declined to fall in with this view of the matter, and I then remarked—

"'When you became farmers you knew what you had to expect; when you signed your leases you knew all these things; and what the devil do you mean by trying to squeeze me for more than your covenant gives you?'

"'We want justice,' they said.

"'No,' I replied, 'you want injustice—injustice for me;' and then I gave it them hot.

"'I'll tell you what it is,' I said; 'if you think I'm going to be harried and bothered by a lot of malcontents, you're mistaken. I'll make you an offer; it is a good deal more than just—it is foolishly generous. I'll cancel your leases, if you like, and all the leases on the estate, and turn it all into a game-preserve. There! I believe there is a good market for game, and I daresay I should not lose much by the transaction. But I'm indifferent to that. One thing is certain, I am not going to be the servant of my own tenants, cost me what my freedom may.'

"Then I bowed them out, and told them to send their decision to the factor."

Colonel Lockhart carries most of his personages to the castle of Dunerlacht in the autumn, and gives a most vivid picture of the love-making, fortune-hunting, intriguing, grouse-shooting, and buck-driving that went on among the miscellaneous company there assembled, filling in the background with life-like sketches of Lord Germistoune's various retainers. Here and there, and more particularly in his account of the subtlety of a French Marquis who was among the guests, Colonel Lockhart is betrayed into extravagant caricature, but the humour of the caricature is so genuine and impetuous, that we do not care to inquire whether any prototype for it is to be found in nature. 'Mine is Thine' may fairly claim to rival with Mr. James Payn's 'By Proxy' the merit of being the best novel of the season.

ALGIERS.

Walks in Algiers and its Surroundings. By L. G. Seguin. London: Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

Many interesting books have been written for English readers about Algiers, but Miss Seguin's, on the whole, is much the best we have met with. To some extent (as the title indicates) it is modelled on the popular works of Mr. Hare, but excerpts from other authors are introduced sparingly and with judgment, and not to take the place of the writer's own impressions so much as to support and supplement them. The book is not intended to supersede Murray, and, indeed, it cannot be as strongly recommended to those who wish to "do" the country as to those who mean in a leisurely way to enjoy it. But it gives with sufficient detail the kind of information we seek in guide books—about routes, prices of carriages, hotel tariffs, and so on—never suggesting for a single day more than can easily be done in one. It tells quite enough of the history of the country, too; gives careful accounts of the more accessible of its ancient monuments; and assists the reader to discriminate between the diverse races which make up its medley population. And it contains, besides, much writing of a quality which need not be locked

for in ordinary guide-books, or ordinary works of travel, because the skilled pen and the trained eye are necessary for its production—writing which will help the traveller to observe the scenes which the guide-book will only help him to get to. Miss Seguin's descriptions are often of great excellence; and her nice observation and careful, apt diction have been mostly employed upon localities which winter residents at Algiers are certain to be interested in. Altogether, though there may have been livelier books about Algiers than this, there has been no better-written one, and none which goes so far towards meeting the needs of the ordinary English visitor to that colony.

While enthusiastic about Algiers—both its scenery and its inhabitants—with an enthusiasm that is likely to be catching, Miss Seguin has put down very fairly all that has been said to its disadvantage, and of its climate—which will be the matter most interesting to many of her readers—she presents some views that are almost appalling. Dr. Bodichon, a *savant* long resident in the country, is responsible for the worst of these, and, if he be right, it would seem that the Algerian climate must be bad both for soul and body. It "inclines to idleness," he tells us, "and to physical and moral torpor;" worse than that, it "incites to violence and ferocity—the wind of the desert, every time it blows with any force, leaving behind it a trail of murder and suicide;" and it "produces selfishness by augmenting the personality." It is something of a relief to find him adding that Puritans and Calvinists will stand it better than other people; and it should be said that no other authority attributes to it so very serious an influence over the nervous system. French popular opinion, however, undoubtedly supports Dr. Bodichon to a certain extent. Among the French the Algerians have the reputation of being unstable and quarrelsome; and we have seen their Republicanism ascribed to the climate, which makes them (so the view ran) all a little mad—so much so as to be restive and rebellious against authority. The composition of the population—which is made up largely of waifs and strays, social failures, and *enfants trouvés*—must have to do with its social and political characteristics perhaps quite as much as the hot sun and scorching desert wind of summer. But that the climate is powerfully exciting to the nerves is, we apprehend, a fact (though we do not think Miss Seguin says so); and even the winter resident must be prepared to find himself now and then irritable without cause, disposed to magnify troubles and to worry over trifles; and to find work, especially mental work, much more exhausting than it is in our greyer latitudes. In winter, however, the heat is scarcely ever troublesome, and the sirocco blows infrequently; at that season the most sensitive run no risk of permanent demoralisation; and persons who are asthmatic, or rheumatic, or stricken with some forms of consumption, will, even according to Dr. Bodichon, be the better for a stay in Algeria. It is to be borne in mind, too, that increase of nervous irritability is the common effect of southern climates—a price that has to be paid for bright skies, summer prospects, and air that can be breathed without discomfort. And Algiers is free from the scourge of bitter winds, which make many health-resorts dangerous to the weakly; the wind often blows fiercely there, but it scarcely ever blows cold, giving one, even in the early morning, only the impression of being tonic and bracing. Then, the Algerian winter season may fairly be described as dry, though there is no rainfall at Algiers except in the winter and spring, and the average rainfall of the year is rather higher there than it is in our own "weeping climate." The rain, when it does come, usually falls in torrents; much of it falls during the night, and it is quickly absorbed by the dusty soil, so that within a few hours there is scarcely a trace of it. On the average, there are ninety-five days on which rain falls at Algiers—much or little of it by night or by day—against 269 such days in England; but the average is that which never exists, and at Algiers season differs from season very greatly. In two months of 1877 (January and February) Miss Seguin tells us there was only a single wet day; but, on the other hand, there comes now and then a season in which during an equal period entirely dry days are almost exceptional. Good seasons and bad occur, however, everywhere else as well as at Algiers, and, perhaps, it is this, more than anything else, that makes difficult and responsible the task of recommending a winter climate to any invalid. Sudden great changes in temperature are what have really to be guarded against during the Algerian winter, but these are not very frequent, and are dangerous only to the incautious.

Miss Seguin is content to set forth the evidence about the climate—which, on the whole, gives no bad impression of it—putting little weight upon her own experience of a single season, and scarcely ventures upon any recommendation, except that those who winter at Algiers should not return to England early in the spring. This advice may be followed more safely and with less discomfort at Algiers than at almost any other health resort; though, should there be, as is very likely to be the case in May and June, day after day, a combination of a pretty high temperature and sea-mists, one has to reconcile oneself to the place by thinking a good deal of the east winds and sleety showers which are being experienced at home. Careful as she is not to recommend Algiers to invalids, it is plain that Miss Seguin has the best possible opinion of its climate herself, and that she thinks it, at any rate, a charming place to winter in for those who need to be careful but are not positively ill. She warns them frankly that for amusements it is not to be compared to Nice and other places. There are no promenades, there is no "shabby little Hyde Park in miniature," there are no Parisian *toilettes*, there is scarcely such a thing as fashion. The hotels, too, she says, are not very good, and their directors not over civil; while Arab *fêtes* and religious festivals, got up on speculation, which are almost the only diversions that are to be had, quickly become unspeakably wearisome. It is in the beauty of the country, "the ever changing yet changeless beauty that meets him on every side, in the glowing colours of sea and sky, in the luxuriant wealth of wild flowers that grow in his path;" in the "quiet pleasures of fields and lanes;" in "the interest and mystery that cling about the Eastern people among whom he is suddenly plunged;" above all, in the climate which (medical aspects apart) is "the first, the chief, the ever present charm of Algiers," that she bids the sojourner to seek and find enjoyment. He can go forth nearly every day under a blue sky, and a sun warm but not oppressive, and find scenes of rare loveliness—and much variety of them—within an easy walk or drive of his hotel. The chance wayfarers, with their stately forms, sad looks, and picturesque dresses, are a sort of set-off against the promenade, while to meet one or two of them in a lonely place affords the interest without any of the disagreeables of an adventure. Then, if there are no Parisian toilettes, the sunrise is to be seen in perfection, and, though dwellers in the city lose the sunset, the evening lights on the snow of the Djurjura mountains are sometimes very wonderful. There are those for whom such delights might not suffice; but there is a fairly good opera during the winter; there is an English Church, the decoration of which was, in Miss Seguin's time, a subject of much interest; and there is a small society of resident English people which has the merit of being easily accessible. Everywhere near the city, it should be said, the most secluded lanes can be traversed in security. The stage bandit mounted on a donkey, for whom, with difficulty, you make room on a break-neck path, is a polite and peaceful person, capable (unless, perhaps, when the sirocco of summer has been blowing with severity) of nothing worse than petty larceny; and wild animals are no longer a danger—though, fifty years ago, the lion was occasionally to be met with in the environs of Algiers.

The French, as Miss Seguin's narrative shows, had immense difficulties to overcome in colonising Algeria, have to a very great degree overcome them, and are now in a fair way towards making the country a valuable possession. To say that risings of the natives are no more to be apprehended would be too much, but the danger of them has greatly diminished; and draining and planting have made prosperous settlements of districts which twenty years ago were pestilential swamps with an almost unexampled death-rate. Scarcity, following upon drought or a visitation of locusts, is what now chiefly threatens the prosperity of the colony, and this is an evil which no prudence or energy can avert or greatly

mitigate, though of late years, with the progress of planting, the rainfall is said to have been increasing. The city of Algiers has been transformed since it came into French possession; or, rather a great part of it, including many of its most interesting buildings, has been improved away, and a common-place French town put in its place. A good deal of the native city, however, remains. It is this which, seen from the sea at night or in the early morning, presents the wonderful spectacle that delights the new comer; and it is this which will afford the resident at Algiers a kind of interest and amusement which he would seek in vain in the South of Europe. Algiers is now, in fact, two towns, which, as a French writer has said, "touch, and live in the closest neighbourhood, without having anything in common but their vices;" and a few minutes' walk from a boulevard such as might be found in a second-rate part of a second-rate town in France carries you into an old silent Eastern city, which has taken no impression from Europe except in the naming of the narrow streets, and the numbering of the houses, and the light of gas lamps at night. The larger part of the population of Algiers is now French; and the Mohammedans, of whom there are said to have been a hundred thousand at the beginning of this century—but this is perhaps an exaggeration—have dwindled to ten thousand, or about a fifth of the present number of the inhabitants. Few comparatively as they are, they make a great show in the streets of the French town. The Arab "walks the broad pavement before the long rows of many-windowed houses, jostles the Parisienne in her jauntiest bonnet, and elbows the trim French soldier; patronises the modern invention of the omnibus, and possesses himself of the sunny corners of the street as lounging-places"—seeming always, though, and seeming, too, to feel himself a stranger. The Arabs are most numerous among the native loungers in the streets, and they are said to form the most numerous class of the Mohammedan population of the city; but this includes many races and people of nearly every possible shade of colour. Besides Arabs, there are Moors—who are of mixed Arab, Turkish, and European descent—Kabyles, Negroes, Mozabites, Biskris, with many varieties intermediate between these, all of them, like the Arabs, with their own distinctive dress. There are seven thousand Jews, too, (also with their peculiar costume) in the place, which, therefore, may be said to contain a conglomeration of races, and to present a variety of costumes which scarcely even Cairo can surpass. How the numerous loungers manage to live is a puzzle; but it may be believed that they now and then have work to do, and they certainly are able to live on very little. The Arabs live mostly on kous-kous, a preparation of semolina, and on this diet are able to undergo a wonderful amount of fatigue, but it is said they succumb easily when attacked by disease. The same capacity for labour, and the same inability to withstand the onset of diseases has been observed in the oatmeal-fed peasantry of Scotland. That the natives are, generally speaking, ready and willing to work is certain, and some of them are wonderfully industrious and wonderfully economical. Here, according to Miss Seguin, is a sketch of a common career among the Biskris—who come from far inland, from the Sahara or its neighbourhood, and are the scavengers and water-carriers of Algiers:—

> He (the Biskris) finds his way from his home in the desert to the great city on foot; he has no shoes to wear out, and the dates he carries with him, or the cactus-fruit he plucks as he goes along, support him through the weary journey. If, when he arrives at Algiers, he has a couple of sous in his pocket, he hires an *emphore*, as the copper jugs are called. He is paid a sou for each load that he carries into a house. Upon this he makes money. Five or six sous a day suffice for all his wants. Lodging costs him nothing. He lies down to sleep anywhere and everywhere. He lives upon bread or kous-kous, two sous worth of coffee daily, and a little fruit. In ten years he has accumulated, perhaps, as much as forty pounds. With this he returns to his desert-oasis, buys a plantation of date-palms, and a robust wife to water them and wait upon him. By and by he will, probably, afford himself two or three more of these luxuries, but wives, even in the Sahara, are expensive articles, a good young one not being able to be procured under five or six pounds. One, however, does for a beginning, and, thus handsomely provided with land and substance, the retired Biskris settles down upon his property, to avenge himself for his ten years hard work by doing nothing but smoke his chibouck during the rest of his days.

Well, virtue and industry should be rewarded. By the way, it is worth mentioning that according to the last census, there were only fourteen polygamous husbands in the department of Algiers. In the remoter parts of Algeria, no doubt, polygamy is much less infrequent,

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THE BEDROOM AND BOUDOIR.

The Bedroom and Boudoir. By Lady Barker. (Art at Home Series). London: Macmillan and Co.

Lady Barker has seen a large variety of bedrooms and boudoirs in a large variety of countries, she is imaginative in upholstery and has a pretty knack at contrivances, and she has an absolute faith in herself as an authority in matters of taste. With these qualifications, and the habit of pencraft, it was, perhaps, inevitable that she should add herself to the now numerous list of teachers who are going to make us all æsthetic and, if it may be, comfortable in our homes, but, at all events, æsthetic. We cannot say, however, that her instructions and comments are likely to be very profitable to innocent persons about to furnish in good taste and desirous of learning out of a book, not only what they ought to like, but what they can reasonably hope to get. The village carpenter, as described by Lady Barker, can make all sorts of exceptional pieces of goods on the hint of a drawing of a unique Siamese or Chinese or Hottentot or "Queen Anne" or Kamschatkan specimen, and respond to your artistic and economical aspirations by the production of original articles of admirable device in homely materials and at homely prices. In regions where such village carpenters live there can be no excuse for anybody's setting up house with regulation furniture made to commonplace patterns. We do not know those parts of England, ourselves. In regions where the village carpenter is but an ordinary workman with no more genius and perhaps somewhat less skill than his fellow artisan of town experience, and, of course, in all places of sufficient size for the upholsterer's shop to be the necessary resource for people ordering furniture, many of Lady Barker's most dashing suggestions must seem but a mocking irony to the reader eager to obey. And buying antique bureaus, choice eastern cabinets, rarities and collector's treasures in household chattels from all ages and all lands, to take the places of our humdrum wardrobes and washstands is, alas! not within common money-means and common opportunities.

But, apart from the minor difficulty of not being able to get the things for making ourselves bedrooms and boudoirs to Lady Barker's ideal, many of us, very willing to improve our "art at home" with all the fervour of converts to a newly discovered duty, may have some hesitation about accepting her guidance. Must we—may we—admire the "lovely bedroom" after her heart? Would that one with a paper representing a trellis with roses, and with roses on the carpet border, roses on the doorhandles, the tiles, the quilt, the table cover, roses *au naturel* painted everywhere possible, be really grateful to an æsthetic mind? Would its being in the country, with real roses, to match the furniture, luxuriant outside its window, be indeed an additional fitness? or would not, rather, the only excuse for its sham roses be removed by there being real at hand to satisfy a longing for the sight of flowers? Is it, after all, an artistic accompaniment to a view of Scotch moors that the carpet and curtains should be besprinkled with representations of heather? Then that other bedroom, with its bunches of lilacs bestrewing all its furniture and not omitted even from the china of the basin stand, and its paper of the very tenderest tint of green, and the pastel sketches on wall "all in the same style" either with the paper, or with each other, or both—for the construction leaves it doubtful—has art at home advanced very far if it offers us such an example as that for our respect and imitation? And might one not lawfully grow tired of multiplied bunches of lilac whichever way one's eyes could turn, and wish that at least the pictures on the wall could have refreshed us by having individual character instead of being subdued into mere dabs of decoration by being all in one style to suit the wall paper? By the way, to complete the idea of the room, the pastels ought

all to have been portraits of bunches of lilac: perhaps they were.

These rooms *may* have been pretty. Anything may be pretty. Women with crooked noses, women with a squint, women past eighty, have been known to be pretty: but they were so against all reasonable rule. And so were these horticultural specimen be-speckled rooms, and so, if it really was anything any humanised being but an affectionately prejudiced friend of the lamentable contriver *could* think pretty, was the monstrous room with real ribbon gummed on the walls and imitation shadows painted to the ribbon. Of that room Lady Barker herself admits that it was not "according to strict rules of modern taste," and she even speaks of "its original faulty design:" but she retains her enthusiasm for the result and describes the room as an illustration of the supremacy of "real genius for decoration" over any hard and fast rule. It is a consolation to us, appalled by the prospect of all we must learn and unlearn before we get able to want an "ideal bedroom" of our own after any of these types, that Lady Barker does not expect all other authorities to join in her approbation of all of the gummed ribbon work of genius—the Misses Garrett would, she thinks, frown at the painted shadows. Having stopped short at this point of Lady Barker's book to read theirs—a former and very thoughtful and practical number of the same Art at Home series—we came to the conclusion that they certainly would frown at the shadows and a good many of the other decorations of the much praised "bowers," as Lady Barker is fond of calling bedrooms, and we returned to 'The Bedroom and Boudoir' the lighter at heart from the certainty we had gained. Lady Barker expresses her opinions with such decision, and even sometimes tartness, and so strongly introduces her own personality into her manual of furniture-choosing that a reader not wholly docile must needs have a sense of being guilty of as it were face to face insubordination: under the shield, as we fancied, of her coadjutors in the æsthetic schooling of household folk, we were less afraid of our own temerity.

We were thus emboldened to perceive more than one drawback to the usefulness of this little book, even if we were to admit it as a perfectly safe guide in matters of taste. We have spoken of one at starting; another is the too small importance given in it to utility and fitness compared to that given to the picturesque appearance of the furniture recommended. We venture to think that utility and fitness are so much a part of beauty in this matter that a bed room would actually look pleasanter to the eye if it had in it the tasteless but useful bulk of one of the "modern bought wardrobes," not in the least "out of the beaten track," than if it were adorned with the daintiest little old-world drawing-room bureau doing makeshift duty for holding clothes amiss: but, at all events, for life to be beautiful we must have reasonable comfort—many ugly things for the mind and the body too, even for the body's eyesight, come of its absence—and, supposing that what is prettiest to look at in our bedrooms will not give us accommodation to the need, it is the mistake of a child caught by a toy to choose by the prettiness and let the need go unfulfilled. No piece of furniture surely can so feed any soul with beauty that we can treat it as some high gift fallen to us, the joy of whose contemplation cannot be measured against the fulfilment of any common requirements for carrying on one's daily life; and to prefer an uninteresting mere moveable cupboard that holds your belongings roomily to a quaint and delicately inlaid bureau which it is a process to unpack, and which damages the clothes and the tempers exposed to its tightness, is not necessarily depravity. We do not say by any means that Lady Barker gives no consideration to utility and fitness, but here is a sentence which shows to what extent comparatively: "Except," she says—she is recommending Indian cabinets as substitutes for wardrobes—"except that the drawers seldom open well, and are nearly always inconveniently small, they are the most beautiful things in the world for keeping clothes in, but it would certainly be as well to have out of the room in a passage some more commodious and common place receptacle." This characteristic sentence typifies the book and implies the criticism upon it which a careful reading of the whole requires us to give.

There are useful suggestions and suggestive remarks here and there through the book. Were Lady Barker an unknown writer it would be but right for her sake to give a little space to founding praise on these. But she has no need of patting on the back, and our business is not to discuss the general merits of an author popularly and agreeably known, nor to hunt out the traces of them there may be in this manual, but simply to see whether the manual is of value for its purpose. We cannot think that it is.

PRETTY POLLY.

Pretty Polly. A Farce in Fyttes. By G. Manville Fenn. Tinsley Brothers.

We cordially recommend this book to any person who may be suffering from an excess of animal spirits. Mr. Fenn's humour is sufficient to repress the most exuberant cheerfulness, and to damp the most glowing vivacity. The book, moreover, suggests a problem which we give up as insoluble, but which a more practised discrimination may find pleasure in mastering. The problem is whether Mr. Fenn's characters are duller in their normal condition of intoxication, or in their rare intervals of sobriety. This is a question which will be found to demand considerable research and much power of delicate appreciation; but to certain intelligences it may offer a charm wanting in the coarser investigations of every day. The same character of mind will, doubtless, be interested in discovering why Mr. Fenn calls his chapters "Fyttes." It may be a wholly original joke, the meaning of which is wrapped up in the folds of Mr. Fenn's capacious understanding. It may be an echo from the 'Hunting of the Snark.' We cannot say, but we may remark that if it be the latter, Mr. Fenn is hardly to be congratulated on the comparison which he suggests. Pursuing our investigations in the interrogative form, we might ask why this story is told by a parrot, which is ordinarily rather an intelligent bird than otherwise. To this, however, some sort of answer does suggest itself. For the peculiar character of the supposed narrator may be partly accountable for the fact that Mr. Fenn is never tired of imitating such interesting natural phenomena as drunken men, and what we suppose we must call the lower animals for no very obvious reason except to show how naturally he can do it. It is a pity that Mr. Fenn is not a Member of Parliament, that he might dispute the envied supremacy of Sir Charles Russell over the other gentlemen on the Ministerial side of the House, who pay to the brute creation the sincerest form of flattery. It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Fenn's characters are always drinking. On the contrary, they are not unfrequently eating, and what they eat is always described in conscientious detail and with evident enjoyment. Here is an interesting and elegant though unusually brief account of a servants' supper:—"I wont *(sic)* say anything about that feed, if you please." This is a favourite exordium of great orators and authors. "I can do a great deal in that way myself—the old girl trained me to it, and has fed me sometimes till I have thought it would be a blessing to be starved; but as to the way in which that Blinkers bolted, Musby munched (mark the Swinburnian alliteration), James crammed, and Ennery choked himself, I never did see anything to equal it. I would not have cared if they'd only have eaten fair, and built up a decent edifice of food; but to see a man work from chicken to lobster, from lobster to jelly, from jelly to cake, and then begin again with the chicken and follow on with lobster—there I cease to wonder that the Grocer's young man's eyes stood out so far—room must be made somewhere when a man eats like that." This last sentence would not be a bad motto for 'Pretty Polly.' Most of us, of course, are *nati consumere fruges*, but few of us are glorified in literature on that express ground. Yet except for their virtues in that kind it would be hard to say what positive qualities are possessed by Messrs. Potter and Askew, the heroes of this book. The first time we meet them they are unable to speak till they have finished their dinner, and then they deliberately and without any provocation get blindly and stupidly drunk. Their married friend Lambstock is minutely described at least three times

in his cups, on which occasions he makes many speeches of this kind. "Quiright, quiri," said Lambstock, see-sawing himself to and fro. "It'sh too bad. I'm, shamed of being in such company. What would the ladish shay to shee 'em all going round and round and round. Ought to know better. Shay, jusht lay hold—no, lay hold of table, or it'll be over, and I shall have to pay for a broken glassh. Raleigh, it'sh dishgushting, aint it, to see those two. Don't you get married, old f'ler. Let them get married, it'sh all they're fit for. I can't shtand thish. Let'sh go. What worraladishay." This is a very fair specimen of the chaste humour and delicate delineation scattered with a lavish hand up and down the pages of this charming work. There is a little love-making of a commonplace and harmless character, and a certain amount of stealing on the part of a drunken old charwoman, who combines most of the vices to which human nature is prone. But the great business of life is gluttony and drunkenness. To be sure there is a whole chapter occupied with the expected arrival of a baby, but close inspection reveals that the real object of the apparent digression is to exhibit neither for the first nor for the last time the aforesaid charwoman's devotion to ardent spirits. It would also be unjust to deny that there are nocturnal adventures in the book, people getting into the wrong houses or the wrong rooms, or missing people they wished to meet and meeting people they wished to avoid, or falling through skylights and being caught in traps, and other bad imitations of the feebler parts of Dickens and Lever. But as all these episodes either arise out of drink, or end in drink, or both, they do not really disprove the accuracy of our general proposition. Even the animals are chiefly interesting to Mr. Fenn as objects for over-feeding:—"Fancy being fed upon lamb, chicken, and veal; pampered with luxuries; overcrowded with carbon and meat-supplying matter, by being taught to crunch lumps of sugar; being almost stuffed when appetite seemed to fail from repletion; and all this with no more exercise than jumping up to the dining-room window, and jumping down again! It would have been serious for any animal, and must have undermined the constitution of a French poodle. Why, it would have killed me, and I used to look at him with wonder. Well, this last time we were up Tiny had grown so fat that he did nothing hardly *(sic)* but sneeze and snort when he was awake, and snore when he was asleep; now and then, though, he would rouse himself and make a dab with his paw at a flea which was tickling him, when any sensible dog would have up with his claw and had a good scratch; and when Miss P. saw this, she held a consultation with Miss Mant, and the result was that Buttons was sent out to buy somebody's tablet, and Buttons had to wash Tiny all over." We feel that we owe an apology to our readers for quoting this vulgar nonsense; but a book which is published by a well-known firm may be presumed to meet some requirements, and therefore becomes a matter of some psychological interest. We confess, as we have already had occasion to confess more than once in the course of this review, that we have no explanation to offer. It may be that people with restricted means of enjoyment like to know how better opportunities may be abused by others. It may be, again, that people who have survived the capacity for what are called "the pleasures of the table" look back with delight fonder, if assisted by Mr. Fenn, to the days when they could make beasts of themselves with temporary impunity. But it seems a pity that they cannot be accommodated without the waste of nearly a thousand pages of good paper.

CHATEAUBRIAND ET MME. DE STAEL.

Chateaubriand et Mme. de Staël. Par Antonin Roche. Paris: Librairie Delagrave.

M. Antonin Roche has added another to his lives of eminent French writers. We might say he has added two others, but that the attention given to Madame de Staël is less than that bestowed upon her more fantastic but less striking contemporary. M. Roche has not the gift of the man of whom he treats; he cannot frame small thoughts and uninteresting facts in glowing language; he cannot describe, he can only tell the bare truth. And the bare truth about Chateaubriand we find apt to pall. The poet has just inspired interest enough to tide us over descriptions of his American journeys, of his Eastern experiences and English life; but when we are expected to carefully consider the religious scruples and new convictions that resulted in Chateaubriand's chief work, 'Le Génie du Christianisme,' when we come across a wordy description, for instance, such as that of the Pagan story in 'les Martyrs,' our zeal begins to flag, and we are not sure that the author would not be best read in his own person. M. Roche does not appear to be overpowered with admiration of his countryman's genius. He is very fond of quoting opinions derogatory to his fame. Joubert is cited as the writer of a very severe and satirical portrait of "ce pauvre Chateaubriand" for instance, and M. Roche tells a little anecdote further on which is certainly not to the poet's advantage. "On the 18th of January, 1814," he says, "Chateaubriand was present at the disinterment of the remains of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The bodies had been buried since 1793, nine feet deep, beneath a stratum of quick lime. They were consumed by the process, and only the skeletons remained. I recognised the Queen's head," declares Chateaubriand, "by the smile with which she had greeted me at Versailles." Might not a biographer have more suitably left this anecdote alone? We cannot but think that whatever this strange, untutored, and inaccurate mind possessed of real genius is incomprehensible to his worthy critic. Speaking of the 'Génie du Christianisme,' he quotes as an absurdity the phrase, "There is nothing fair, sweet, or great in life but the mysterious," and qualifies his objection by saying that "A mystery must before everything be true!" Chateaubriand certainly requires to be viewed more as a suggestive than as a finished writer, and for the sake of a poetical notion he may often land himself in a paradox, but we scarcely think that criticism such as that before us makes the best of his talent. A story called 'Atala' and another called 'René' are among the works of Chateaubriand most appreciated by M. Roche. Of the latter he says, "It is the work of a consummate writer." In reviewing the translation of the 'Paradise Lost' he is again more severe. The work seems certainly to deserve some rigid criticism, for Chateaubriand appears to have imitated Milton's majestic English by something which in French has become "forced, rude, eccentric, and often unintelligible." But M. Roche is a little proud of his own knowledge of English, as he ruthlessly discovers the unfortunate poet's occasional mistakes.

Madame de Staël also errs, according to M. Roche, on the side of enthusiasm at the expense of plain fact. "Her style," he says, "is often vague, incorrect, monotonous, and declamatory." We can scarcely reconcile its monotony with its too great enthusiasm. But to pay him his due, M. Roche has ended by giving us a far more interesting sketch of Madame de Staël than he does of Chateaubriand. Perhaps, in spite of his somewhat light opinion of her, she supplies the more prolific subject. Her life is full of incident, and in so short a space there is no room for abundant criticism besides. With a catalogue of the titles of her works and an elaborate description of 'Corinne' M. Roche rests content. In criticism he dwells a good deal on the want of "grace" in her style as contrasted with her own frequent use of the word in writing; also upon the theatricality of her conceptions and the tendency to paint herself in her heroines. He cannot, however, deny to her the high position which she holds among women of talent, and, amongst the traits of her life, quotes the specially pathetic one of her annoyance with those who bade her find consolation in Swiss scenery for an exile from Paris life. "See," says she, on one occasion, "I would rather walk fifty miles to talk with a clever man than open my window to gaze upon the Bay of Naples!" Napoleon could not have dealt a harder or more unjust punishment for the publication of 'Corinne' than that of exile from Paris to a woman born and bred to shine in its literary circles. M. Roche conceals none of the faults of Madame de Staël, but he cannot fail, nevertheless, to make a pleasing picture of her. The book is an instructive school volume.

MUSIC.

M. SAINT SAENS.

The new Philharmonic Society is to be congratulated upon the idea of inviting M. Saint Saëns, the distinguished French composer and virtuoso, to appear at its fifth concert, which took place at St. James's Hall last Saturday. Germany, no doubt, is at the present moment the centre of the musical world; but it must be remembered that France, also, is the birth-country not only of individually great composers, but also of a distinct and valuable type of musical creativeness, and every attempt ought to be welcomed at giving English audiences an opportunity of judging of the latest phase of the French school, of the school of Rameau, and Boieldieu, and Auber. It is true that M. Saint Saëns belongs to this school in a limited sense only. Like Berlioz, to whom amongst French composers he shows, perhaps, most affinity, he has deeply drunk at German sources, and his chief orchestral works, *Le Rouet d'Omphale*, *Phaéton*, and *La Jeunesse d'Hercule*, betray the influence of Liszt's *Symphonic Poems*, both with regard to subject-matter and treatment. Wagner's instrumentation, also, has evidently been carefully studied by M. Saint Saëns; but, in spite of all this, sufficient of the national type remains to distinguish the French composer's work from that of his German colleagues. Although compositions by M. Saint Saëns have been performed in this country on several previous occasions, this may be a fit opportunity for giving a few notes in reference to his artistic antecedents. M. Saint Saëns was born in 1835 at Paris, and showed at an early age musical talent, which induced his parents to send him to the Conservatoire. Here he studied, besides composition and pianoforte, chiefly the organ, and on that instrument he is at the present moment, perhaps, the most accomplished performer in France. In 1858 he succeeded Lefébvre Wely as organist at the Madeleine in Paris. His earliest important composition for the orchestra was a Symphony in E flat, followed by several others, besides the Symphonic Poems already referred to. Next in importance are a concerto for the violoncello, two for the pianoforte, and numerous chamber compositions. M. Saint Saëns has also appeared as a dramatic composer of great talent, witness several operas, amongst which *Le Timbre d'Argent* has been the most successful, and an oratorio. The concerto in G minor, which he played on Saturday last, is an interesting composition in more than one respect. The very opening is original; for, instead of the usual tutti, the composer begins his work with a long and impressive phrase for the solo instrument, *andante sostenuto*, which leads to the first movement proper, *andante* in G minor. To put a slow movement in place of the usual allegro is an innovation not likely to be followed by many composers. The old custom here seems in accordance with human nature itself, which at the beginning a long and complicated work, such as a concerto requires, as it were, a "good start." Apart from this drawback, however, M. Saint Saëns andante is by no means wanting in power, the second theme especially being impressive and original. The scherzo which ensues is in E flat, and in one or two passages reminds one of the corresponding movement in Beethoven's seventh symphony, an affinity fully accounted for by the general bias of M. Saint Saëns' talent. This piece, which contains all the elements of popularity, was encored. In the final presto M. Saint Saëns proved himself to be a virtuoso of the first order; the rhythmical characteristics of the piece being insisted upon with much spirit and accuracy. At the conclusion of his work M. Saint Saëns was twice recalled to the platform. The remainder of the programme comprised overtures to *Euryanthe* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and a very unsatisfactory performance of Rubinstein's well-known *Ocean* symphony, conducted by Dr. Wylde, who, as usual at these concerts, shared the leadership with Mr. Ganz. Mme. Riego, of the Royal Opera, Stockholm, sang two arias. At the risk of appearing frivolous, we cannot refrain from expressing a hope that she may follow the example of another "young lady of Sweden" in one of the far-famed nonsense rhymes.

VARIORUM NOTES.

The reply delivered in both Houses on Monday evening by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon to Lord Granville, and by Sir Stafford Northcote to Lord Hartington, with regard to the Anglo-Russian agreement, is understood to have been telegraphed from Berlin by Lord Beaconsfield. The reply was word for word the same in both Houses, and some of its peculiarities of expression, such as "incomplete and therefore inaccurate," certainly seemed to have the genuine tone of the Beaconsfield rhetoric.

Mr. Ralph Earle has written to *The Times* to contradict the statement in one of the weekly journals that he was the writer of the "Political Adventures of Lord Beaconsfield." As Mr. Earle was at one time Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary, and is not now supposed to be on good terms with his party, the attempt to circulate such a rumour was either very reckless or very malicious.

What has become of Cluseret, the famous revolutionist and *quondam* Communist? A provincial paper states casually that he was shot as a spy by the Russians in Turkey some little while ago. Can this be so? If the story is true, this is a curious ending to a somewhat stormy and chequered career.

Mr. Swinburne's new volume of 'Poems and Ballads,' which has been so long delayed, will absolutely, we understand, be out early next week. The poet has been adopting the habit of printing his pieces in periodicals as soon as he writes them, and, therefore, the great bulk of the new book has appeared piecemeal already. The long opening poem, a kind of apotheosis of the spirit of Marlowe, is, however, quite new, and so are four very remarkable studies of the Seasons.

Nearly five years ago M. Edmond About announced that the Academy was certain to elect Taine to the Immortals. Last week's election has unfortunately failed to confirm M. About's prediction.

The late William Cullen Bryant was, perhaps, except Victor Hugo, the only poet of our time who was also a good public speaker. At the banquet given in New York to the English Commissioners, sent over to negotiate the Washington Treaty, Mr. Bryant's was decidedly the speech of the evening. The present leader of the House of Commons, Sir Stafford Northcote, is said to have been greatly impressed by the grace and eloquence of the venerable poet.

It is much to be regretted that Sir Thomas Hardy, who has died at the ripe age of seventy-four, did not live to complete his 'Descriptive Catalogue of Materials for the History of Great Britain and Ireland.' He was one of the most learned of political archæologists, and was always ready to put his learning at the service of other workers in the same field, so that his place cannot easily be filled.

The Provençal poet, Théodore Aubanel, the author of that charming cycle of lyrics, 'The Split Pomegranate,' has attained a very brilliant success with his drama, 'Le Pain du Péché,' performed in the theatre of Montpellier. This rustic tragedy in verse is said to have a *naiveté* of passion quite southern in its character, and to be a true product of the soil. This practical success on the stage, moreover, marks another step in the progress of modern Provençal literature.

A correspondent, who has a mania for tracing parallel passages in poetry, sends us what he considers to be a remarkable example of poetical coincidence. In Mr. Edward Fitzgerald's translation of the 'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam' there are the following verses:—

"I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell;
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answer'd, 'I Myself am Heaven and Hell;'

"Heav'n but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness, into which Ourselves
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire."

In Mr. Symonds's new volume of poems, 'Many Moods,' there is a poem, "*I tre Felici*," in which this passage occurs :—

> "Nay, take my soul: for what is heaven or hell?
> Heaven's the fruition of a dear desire;
> And hell itself, whatever priests may tell,
> Is but the torment of a heart on fire;
> Myself am hell and heaven."

The resemblance of idea and phrascology is curious.

We believe there is no foundation for Mr. Robert Buchanan's complaint that *Vanderdecken* was hurried on the Lyceum stage to anticipate a play on the same subject which he had written for Mr. Herman Vezin. The idea of finding a *rôle* for Mr. Irving in the Flying Dutchman was suggested to the Lyceum management several years ago, while Mr. Bateman was still alive.

There is little to be said about the *Hornet's Nest*, Mr. Byron's farcical comedy, in "three buzzes and a stinger," produced at the Haymarket last Saturday, except that the first two Acts, during which the personages are being got under way, are somewhat dull, but that all this dulness is forgiven and forgotten in the unflagging merriment of the last two Acts. The hero, Mr. Sydney Spoonbill, is a gentleman who takes it into his head to pretend to be a fool in order to see how far his friends and his servants will go in taking advantage of him. Spoonbill's most amusing trait, when he is playing the fool, consists in taking everything that is said to him literally, which gives Mr. Byron an opportunity of turning many common phrases "inside out, like a cheveril glove," as, Dromio says, was the practice of the Elizabethan wits. It is needless to say that Mr. Sothern does ample justice to such a character. The jests lose none of their point in his delivery.

The authors of the play *Love or Life* put into the mouth of one of their characters the somewhat familiar saying, "The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Have both of them forgotten that the 'Sentimental Journey' was published in 1768? or have they, in common with a great many people, fallen into the error of fancying that they are using a Scriptural quotation?

How far is realism on the stage permissible or advantageous? This question suggested itself to a thoughtful theatre-goer during the first scene of *Love or Life* at the Olympic. In order to heighten the pastoral effect of this scene, two living pigeons are introduced on the roof of a barn, but as they are kept at their post by strings attached to their legs, and evidently do not like their bondage, their evolutions are occasionally eccentric. The question is whether it is truer to nature to present pigeons so obviously manacled and performing such un-pigeon like gambols or to have no pigeons at all?

It is said that part of the fourth act of *Henry V.* is being repeated at the council-table of the Congress, the dialogue running as follows :—Lord Beaconsfield (to Lord Odo Russell), "Tell Prince Gortschakoff I'll fer him and firk him and ferret him—discuss the same in French unto him." Lord Odo Russell: "I do not know the French for fer and ferret and ferk," And so on to the end of the scene.

A South German Catholic paper pays the following graceful tribute to the memory of Voltaire. It says—

> "Voltaire was
> Clever as the Devil.
> Wicked as the Devil.
> Cowardly as the Devil.
> And, therefore, he was no whit better."

Interesting news comes from Berne of the discovery of the remains of an old Roman military encampment in a woody peninsula in the Aar, near the town of Berne. A number of houses in good condition have been unearthed, and a large quantity of interesting archæological remains, vases, weapons, etc., have been found. Curiously enough, the half of a large vase, which forms part of the *trouvaille* is found to be the wanted portion of a broken vase which is already in the Berne Museum.

The Venetian Academy of History propose to publish the diary of Marino Sanuto the younger, a diary consisting of fifty-eight folio volumes of daily entries from 1496 to 1533. This important enterprise will be opened by the publication of the first twelve volumes.

Sir Henry Thompson's blue and white Nankin will be on exhibition at Mr. Marks's in Oxford-street for about a fortnight longer.

The question of flooding the Sahara is not apparently to pass into oblivion. There are two chief schemes for effecting this geographical revolution, one of which proposes the creation of an inland Algerian sea with an opening into the Mediterranean, while the other demands the creation of 60,000 square miles of the Sahara into a vast lake with an outlet into the Atlantic. The first scheme has the support of the French Government.

A very interesting review of a new book of poems by Riccardi has lately appeared in the *Rivista Europea*. The reviewer, Signor Cesareo, takes the opportunity of speaking at length of one upon whom apparently this new poet largely formed his style. This is Giacomo Leopardi, that most modern-spirited, most pathetic, and most living of all recent Italian poets—a counterpart of our own Keats. The writing is simpler, brighter, and more genuine than much that is produced now-a-days in Italy, and, as an essay on Leopardi, which it mainly is, has given us much pleasure.

Cesare Cautu, a well-known writer of modern Italy, has been contributing to a Florentine periodical of note a series of valuable articles on "Monti and Histrine" which we shall hope to see republished, together with a careful life of the poet and many quotations both from his own letters and from those of friends whose testimony is interesting. Signor Cautu finds occassion to touch lightly upon many notable contemporaries of Monti, such as Parini, Pindemonte, Jorti, Foscolo, all of whom had their influence for and against that literary tussle in which Manzoni took so prominent a part, and which he was so fond of glorifying with the name of a "struggle between classicism and romanticism." Signor Cautu writes with the doubly interesting power of a man who both personally knew and intellectually appreciated the character of whom he treats. Monti is not only worshipped, which is what many Italians think all they may venture on, he is criticised and that ably. The essay is worth reading.

The editor of *Punch* has recently announced that "he does not hold himself bound to acknowledge, return, or *pay for* contributions." This is the best joke that has appeared in *Punch* for some time, and the humour of it is heightened by the fact that Mr. Tom Taylor has gone to Paris to take part in the International Congress on Copyright, and swell the protest against the imperfect laws which allow the brain labourer to be cheated of his hire.

English admirers of Bret Harte may shortly have a chance of seeing him, for he is to be appointed consul to some German town, and will probably pay London a visit on his way to the scene of his official duties.

According to the *Times of India*, some ladies in Simla have proposed to solve the difficulties of paying and receiving visits by deciding that they may call on each other by post, and that to give or return visits by letter shall be perfectly "good form." There are other countries besides India where some such compromise with time and a large circle of friends would be of decided advantage.

The National Gallery has bought some of the best of the Fuller-Maitland pictures which have for some time been on exhibition at the South Kensigton Museum. The purchase includes the Botticelli and the Holbein.

The article on Mr. Darwin, in the series of portraits and sketches appearing in the *Dublin University Mayazine*, will be written, we understand, by Lady Lubbock, and will appear in the August number.

We understand that Mr. Thomas Dunman, lecturer on physiology at the Birkbeck Institution, and physical science lecturer at the Working Men's College, has compiled a glossary of biological, anatomical, and physiological terms, which will shortly be published in a small crown octavo volume by Messrs. Griffith and Farran.

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